

BANK HOLIDAY NUMBER.

P.W.
PEARSON'S £100 COUPON.
No. 22. May 30, 1896.
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"EER"
TOBACCO,
OVER THE
BY THE
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CO., LTD.,
WORKS,
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first-class
Home and

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY

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"PIONEER"
SWEETENED TOBACCO,
KNOWN ALL OVER THE
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MANUFACTURED BY THE
RICHMOND
CAVENDISH CO., LTD.,
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BONDED WORKS,
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Retailed by all first-class
Tobacconists at Home and
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WEEK ENDING MAY 30, 1896.

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Good Tobacco
Good Workmanship
Hard to Equal

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100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.
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Invaluable in Indigestion and all disorders of the Stomach, Fevers, &c. The Medical Profession not only continue to recommend this old-established and safe remedy, but use it extensively in their own families.

(Numerous testimonials to this effect.)

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15/- DIRECT TO THE WEARER. H. Samuel's beautiful "Albert" Keyless Watch for Ladies. Highly finished; carefully fitted case, elegantly engraved; crystal glass front, movement EXTRA JEWELLED, and accurately timed. Charming tinted or plain dial. Delivered free to any address. In **SOLID SILVER** cases, stamped, 15/-, **SOLID IS CARAT** gold, 23. 10. 0. A **HANDSOME CHAIN** INCLUDED FREE. A Month's Free Trial allowed. Full amount returned if dissatisfied. H. Samuel's real silver "MARVEL" Watch for ladies, 10. 6. H. SAMUEL'S FREE BONUS PRIZE DISTRIBUTION. Full Prize Lists enclosed with new descriptive Catalogue of 2,000 splendid illustrations of H. Samuel's ASTOUNDING BARGAINS. An Immense Jewellery Warehouse at your disposal. Watches 7/-, Alberts 1/-, Brooches 1/-, Tassels & Clocks 1/6, &c. Same prices as charged to shopkeepers. THOUSANDS of Testimonials. **SAVE TIME AND MONEY** by shopping by post. This interesting book is sent entirely **FREE OF ALL COST** to any address. **DEWARE OF IMITATIONS.** Send this announcement from Pearson's Weekly with all orders, and **WRITE TO-DAY** to H. SAMUEL, {Largest English Watch Manufacturer, 97, 99, 101, 33, 35, & 121, Market Street, Manchester.

HOW TO PATENT AN INVENTION.
Book giving full particulars as to Cost, Forms, &c. Post Free. **CASSELL & CO. (Patent Agents),** 23, Gresham Street, Finsbury Circus, London. Inventors assisted. Consultation and Advice Free.

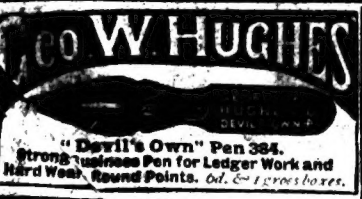
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Is used for a short time daily. It muscles of the body without the slightest fatigue. Exercises may be easily done in any corner of a room or office, as 6 inches of floor space is all that is required. It is the best of all the advantages of the gymnasium. Running, Bicycling, Dumb Bells, Horizontal Bar, Indian Clubs, &c. Cures Cystitis, Stoop. Suitable for BOTH SEXES, ALL AGES, EVERY DEGREE OF STRENGTH. Send for "HOW TO BECOME STRONG," Circular, Illustrated, 60 Engravings, no Charge. SCIENTIFIC PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOL, PRESTON ROAD, MACCLESFIELD.



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N. H. and Unadvisedly, Lord Justice James, and Lord Justice Mellish decided in favour of Freeman's Original Chlorodyne, and against the various cheap imitations, compelling them to pay all costs in the suit. See Times of July 24, 1873.

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Ladies' or Gents' Plain or Twilled Silk (Parker's) Hollow Ribbed Frames, carved and mounted.

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It is astonishing how many people imagine they suffer from HEART DISEASE. They experience a depressing feeling about the region of the Heart, an occasional stab of pain, nervous debility, loss of appetite, and general weakness. The fact is they suffer from

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The food, instead of being thoroughly digested, develops into Wind, and the valves of the heart, causes the symptoms named. All who suffer in this way should take

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A world-renowned remedy for all Stomach disorders. All sufferers from INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, WIND ON THE COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BILIOUSNESS, should avail themselves of this most excellent medicine. All Vendors, 1s. 1½d.

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All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.

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MAY 30, 1896.

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accompanied by
depression.

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way should at

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THE STOMACH,
BUSINESS, &c.,
and 2s. 9d.

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Garment cut to measure
from the best
material. Saving all
Middle Profits.

LADIES'
TAILOR-MADE
COSTUMES

In all the present
fashions.
From 10/6 to 70/-
Value for money.
Fit guaranteed.

MEN'S SUITS
18/6

Better Quality than
any other. 21/6, 25/6, 30/6, 35/6, 40/6, 45/6, 50/6, 55/6, 60/6, 65/6, 70/6, 75/6, 80/6, 85/6, 90/6, 95/6, 100/6.

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from 12/6

BOYS' SUITS

Pieces for mending
sent with 1/6. See our New Pattern
before ordering.
It will pay you to do so.
Hundreds of yards of
from. Fashion plates
and measure form
free on application. All
Goods Carriage Paid.

FACTORY
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10 LADIES' TAILORS
STREET, LEEDS.

WILLE"

COLES

Are Unrivalled for
Speed and Comfort,
combined with
Strength, Light-
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ability. Latest im-
provements.
Prices to suit
all classes.
Terms from 10/-
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Gives immense
wear, and makes
splendid busi-
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only 3/11
per yard.

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patent an invention,
suits, forms, &c., free
& Young, "Patent"
principal newspapers,
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shops.

PUMDRIE"

PROOF GARMENTS.

cheapness and durability.
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Men's 7/6.
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Not and put in your feet.
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Works, READING.

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CUFFS.

with 4-fold (from
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SHIRTS.

made on 1/2 yard.

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War Model
Old Pattern Good
Articles of every

DAVIS,

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LONDON, W.C.

This paper will be read by at the very lowest computation 1,500,000 people well able to spare a penny. We want to give 100,000 poor children a day with the FRESH AIR FUND this summer. Each child costs ninepence, so if everyone gives a penny the thing is done, and another 100,000 provided for. Send along yours, and if it is a shilling postal order never mind the change. There will be plenty of defaulters.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 306.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MAY 30, 1896.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

A STORY OF THE SEA.

BY MAY KENDALL.

Now sailing from Calcutta—

It was an evil day—

We shipped a gang of coolies,
And then we sailed away.

We steered for the West Indies,
Light-hearted as could be,
With a north-east wind behind us,
And a right tranquil sea.

Stalwart and strong, the captain,
With frank and piercing eyes,
That never feared a peril
And never dealt in lies.

And with us sailed his sister,
As blithesome as a bird—
She brought the ship good fortune,
The sailors all averred.

She brought the mate—Elysium
Would be a truer claim!
The very deck he worshipped
On which she went and came.

And she—'tis not so easy
A woman's mood to tell;
But yet her eyes discovered
She loved him—passing well.

The ship took fire—'tis idle
To reckon up old scores—
Some spark that dropped unheeded
Upon the boatswain's stores.

A pile of oil-steeped oakum,
That kindled like a match—
We saw how smoke was rising
Out of the fore-peak hatch.

'Twas done, the bitter mischief!
Whoever was to blame,
The fore-part of the vessel
Was swiftly wreathed in flame.

Pumps, buckets—all were idle;
For still the fire raged on—
We saw the main hatch blazing,
We knew that hope was gone.

'Twas darkening to nightfall,
The coolies were below,
Asleep, about the main hatch,
And did not care nor know.

There were some thirty of them—
The ship was far from land—
The boats would scarce hold forty
When each was fully manned.

Our crew, without the coolies,
Was thirty-nine, all told;
The captain's breath came quickly,
And he looked stricken old.

But: "Batten down the hatches!"
His voice rang calm and brave;
"We cannot save the coolies,
The English we will save."

But as we closed the hatches,
A tumult rose beneath,
We heard the coolies thunder
Against those bars of death.

Then—out we swung the lifeboats,
And lowered, with food and stores,
And one by one we entered,
And the men grasped the oars.

But three stood by the taffrail
As if content to wait.
They were the captain's sister,
And the captain, and the mate.

And low he spoke, the captain,
Saying: "I will not stir:
But you—you said you loved her—
For God's sake, go with her!"

But tranquil the mate answered:
"I stay, whatever befall.
Ay, but I bid her spare us
The sharpest pang of all!"

All rights reserved.]

She laughed, the captain's sister,
Softly her laughter came,
And her bright hair was kindled
To glory with the flame.

"Though for an hour you save me,
And bind me foot and hand,
I swear it—and you know me—
I will not reach the land!"

"I'll never tell the story
Of how the coolies died;
For the place of the captain's sister
Is by the captain's side.

"And, for old England's honour,
They shall not die alone;
Three English souls go with them,
To-night, before the Throne!"

The mate smiled, half in triumph,
And half in keenest pain;
Once more they pleaded with her—
I knew it would be vain.

No time for indecision!
I followed with the crew;
And then we cut the painters,
As the captain bid us do.

Fast rowing through the darkness—
But yet we saw the three,
With their illumined faces,
Between the fire and sea.

And then we saw them turning
To let the coolies go;
A terror came upon us,
Harder we strove to row.

We marked the dusky figures
Leap out against the glare,
The captain's hand uplifted,
In warning, or in prayer.

Our straining eyes were blinded,
We seemed to see them stand
With the flames wreathing round them;
And they were hand in hand.

Then a great crash like thunder;
And upon Christ we cried,
As the good ship heeled over
And sank into the tide.

How many years since? Forty.
Yet 'neath a northern sky,
I see the rippling ocean
Where the dead coolies lie.

Of that doomed cruise forgetful,
And of their fiery fate—
Likewise, the captain's sister,
And the captain, and the mate.

AN AUTOMATIC IMAGE OF SATAN.

THERE are many curiosities in Paris which it is not given to everybody to see. Thus in the old Cluny Museum, on the Boulevard Saint Michel, there is a most realistic presentment of his Satanic Majesty inclosed in an artistically-carved case. The exterior of this article of furniture, for such it is, is decorated with a finely-painted head of the Saviour, but on touching a spring the picture recalling heaven is replaced by the figure of the Evil One. Satan is seen inside a niche advancing with terrible grimaces, while at the same time a sort of musical box or small organ inside the case emits tempestuous sounds.

This melodramatic arrangement was once, it is said, the property of an Italian cardinal, who used it for the purpose of frightening recalcitrant tenants or others from whom he found a difficulty in obtaining money due to him.

The figure of Satan in the Musée Cluny is only shown with the greatest reluctance, as the conservators ordered it to be kept hidden, owing to the fact that on one occasion when it was being exhibited to the public a lady fainted away, and nearly died of fright when she saw the devil advancing towards her.

HOW TO ENGAGE YOUR SEAT IN A TRAIN.

THERE has lately been some correspondence in the papers as to the right of passengers to engage seats in railway carriages by placing luggage upon them.

Those who have engaged in the controversy will be interested to learn that a Glasgow man has patented a device for engaging your seat.

The arrangement consists of a tin box, from which, by dropping in a copper, you get two tickets, one of which, with the word "Engaged" upon it, you hang above your seat on a peg provided, and the other you retain.

This counterpart enables you to claim your seat and also covers life insurance. The inventor hopes that the device will be in use on all the lines at an early date.

WAITING FOR WIND.

SMALL BOY (on river bank): "Do you know 'bout weather?"

Old Gentleman: "I have studied meteorology a little."

"Well, I've been standin' here 'most an hour waitin' for the wind to blow hard, and it don't blow a bit. Do you think it will soon?"

"I shouldn't wonder, my little man. The sky looks very streaky. But what do you want of wind?"

"I want to have a swim."

"It does not require wind to go swimming."

"No; but mamma won't let me go in. That's why I want wind."

"I don't understand."

"You don't? It's a good time since you was a boy, isn't it?"

"Yes, a good while."

"And your memory isn't very good, is 'pose?"

"Perhaps not. I certainly cannot recall any connection between wind and swimming."

"W'y, don't you see? If a wind comes along an' blows my hat into the water I can go after it, and mamma won't say a word. She paid three and ninepence for that hat."

A FAIR QUESTION.—He (bitterly): "Pshaw! All women are alike."

She: "Then why in the world do you spend so much time trying to find the one you want to marry?"

MOTHER: "How did papa's new book get in this condition?"

Bobby: "Why, mamma, I heard papa say last night that the book was too dry for him, so I put it in the bath tub and let the water run."

He: "You are the only woman I have ever loved."

She: "Do you expect me to believe that?"

He: "I do. I swear it is true."

She: "Then I believe you. Any man who would expect a woman to believe that cannot have been much in the company of women."

MRS. DORCAS: "I do think the LADIES' SPARE TIME is the best magazine I ever saw. In the current number it shows you how to make a lovely pair of slippers out of an old flannel shirt."

Mrs. NEWED: "But wouldn't that be difficult?"

Mrs. DORCAS: "Not at all. If you make them too large you have only to soak them in water till they shrink to the proper size."

THE young couple were perceived as soon as they entered the train, and immediately put down as a bridal pair. But they were remarkably self-possessed, and behaved just like old folks, so that after a short time the other passengers began to doubt it after all. As the train moved out, however, the young man rose to remove his overcoat, and a shower of rice fell out, while the passengers smiled broadly. But even that did not affect the youth, who also smiled, and, turning to his partner, remarked audibly:

"By Jove, May, I've stolen the groom's overcoat!"

A REMARKABLE TRANCE.

"Yes, I had some strange cases during the twenty years that I was in practice; but they were not as numerous as those I meet with now, in these days of hypnotism, trance, and clairvoyance," said old Dr. Lacroix, with his fine smile, which was such an irresistible mixture of *bonhomie* and sarcasm, overspreading his ruddy, handsome countenance. "A great many strange things fall occasionally under the observation of an old man who for years has been a wanderer; an old idler who for his sins inherited one evil day just enough of the goods of this world to turn him from an energetic, hard-working physician into a useless member of society, with a pathological interest in his fellow-beings and the queer positions in which he finds men placed on the chessboard of life. But in all the neurotic phenomena, of which we have been speaking, one has always to take account of the cases in which the subject has surrendered himself or herself voluntarily, to the same, or, indeed, possibly induced them." The old doctor paused and looked round at his audience of ladies with twinkling eyes. "Cases of deliberate—you understand me—deliberate trance, have not been unknown."

"Oh, yes—hysterical women," said one pretty girl.

"Hysterical women and women not hysterical," rejoined the doctor.



"Some ten years ago I happened to find myself in a little German university town. These are dull little towns, but I like them. They have their charms. I liked this one especially, because I had made the acquaintance of some of the students and quickly fraternised with them. They doubtless looked upon me as an old

duffer, whom one might as well humour. And I liked their youth, their reckless exuberance, their unspent brain and strength. Naturally it was the medical student upon whom I expended my warmest sympathy and interest.

"There was, especially, a certain young countryman of ours for whom I had conceived a very kindly feeling. He was a handsome fellow, six feet in his stockings; a sort of Viking—I fear Haskins was not a pattern young man. He was exceedingly poor in the lucre of this world, and he spent far more of his time than proper in duels and adventures of a more tender character. He had, when he chose to settle to his work, a rapidity of mental processes which outran the efforts of the plodders in no time. But, 'Hang it, sir,' I used to say to him, 'when are you going to settle down for good? When will you become serious?' He had, side by side with his frivolities, a vocation for his profession which had caused me to prophesy more than once that when he had done sowing his wild oats there was the making of something tolerably remarkable in him.

"I'm serious now," he said to me one day. He had, in fact, entered with a graver countenance than usual. 'I've come across a very interesting case. I want you to help to investigate it. Half the professors in the town are talking about it.'

"You don't mean that trance case at the Archduke Hotel?"

"That very same."

"He assured me that I need have no scruples about accompanying him."

"The young lady's father—Devereux is their name—is so frantic with anxiety that he is quite willing anyone belonging to the profession should see and prescribe for his daughter. No explanation of her extraordinary condition can be found. The trance states continue to manifest themselves every day at the same time. Old Devereux—Mr. Devereux—has very little confidence in the German physicians. He would only be too glad to have an English M.D., even though not a practising one, take an interest in his daughter's case. I've been admitted, and I'm sure he will be equally civil to you."

"Mr. Devereux, upon our reaching the Archduke Hotel, did indeed welcome us with a cordiality which was effusive. He had, in greeting us, the manner of a man shipwrecked on the planet Mars, who had suddenly fallen in with two familiar beings from mother earth. I had a suspicion that, had our meeting been under circumstances less productive of anxiety for him, he might somewhat have tempered his welcome. He was rather obviously the man of money whom sudden gains have inflated beyond his normal size. His early advantages had also, rather obviously, been rudimentary; nor had there been any apparent later effort to remedy such deficiencies. Presumably, however, Mr. Devereux had no consciousness of any shortcomings in this direction. His large countenance, now overspread by a sickly pallor, must usually be capable, I felt, of exuding a sense of immense prosperity and importance.

"Even in the brief conversation I had with him with regard to the mysterious pathological condition of

Miss Estelle Devereux, a conversation during which the worthy man's parental anguish transpired plainly, he managed incidentally to allude to his courier, his daughter's maid, his private equipage with which he journeyed, his suite of apartments, which were those usually reserved at the 'Archduke' for travellers of royal lineage alone.

"Miss Devereux was in an adjoining room, and presently we were hurried into her unconscious presence. The room, which was large, was filled with little knots of men, young, old, and middle-aged—professors, doctors, students. Miss Devereux's maid, a very demure young woman, with lowered eyes, sat by the lounge, where, outstretched, lay Miss Devereux's inanimate form.

"One may be a doctor as much as one likes, but it is an uncontrollable, if reprehensible, fact that one remains a man for all that. I will confess that the first thing that struck me was the young lady's beauty. In a loose morning robe of very poetic and exquisite effect, she was from her fair head to her small slipper visible beyond the hem of her dress, certainly a most charming and attractive vision.

"I don't want to do my profession an injustice, but I must say I suspect that every man present felt the power of beauty. Even to old Schultze, the great authority on hypnotism (who had married his house-keeper suddenly one morning because, as he said, he must have someone to see that he did not forget his nightcap, without which he always took cold, and he had no time to look for a wife), was quite aware of this fact. As for Haskins, he was so overcome that he actually dropped his stick.

"The maid got up and bent over her young mistress, smoothing something about her pillow.

"It is the most astonishing thing, gentleman," said old Devereux to us in a hoarse whisper, 'but just about this time she is gifted with the most extraordinary clairvoyance. We had almost what you might call a "see-ants" here yesterday. You can ask her whatever you like and she can answer it.'

"Haskins nudged me.

"Ask her something."

"I approached the couch. Miss Devereux lay rigid, her eyes closed, yet there was a faint, warm flush on her lovely face. I bent slightly over her with some question. I scarcely remember what, but her lips began to move before I had fairly begun.

"I see a man," she answered, 'two men. One is quite young, very tall, with blonde hair. The other is older, with grey hair. They came in together. I see them coming. They pass over the bridge. They stop on the way. They are going into a shop. I don't know just what kind of shop. I can't see. It looks as though there were a great many little wooden boxes, with no covers, under a glass case. The two gentlemen are buying something. I can't tell; I can't see.' The voice died away in a sigh.

"I stood dumb. I remembered that Haskins on the way had complained of being out of cigars, and that he had, after passing the bridge, gone into a shop and bought some.

"The auditors looked at us as though for confirmation. Haskins and I nodded. Old Schultze grumbled some-

thing about 'very unusual case' in his beard. One or two of the professors came forward. One felt Miss Devereux's pulse. 'Rather weak, but normal.'

"Weak, sir, weak!" cried old Devereux, in his sick-room whisper. 'It's a wonder she has any pulse at all. Eats nothing—absolutely nothing! Hasn't for a week, gentlemen.'

"Schultze shook his head, came nearer, seized the girl's delicate wrist in his grimy paw, and raised her arm. The arm participated in the rigidity of the entire body.

"Curious! Curious!"

"And yet the case presents features unlike any of the authenticated cases on record," said Dr. Hohn to Dr. Bahn.

"Haskins, the next day, came for me as he had done before, and as before Miss Estelle Devereux gave us an



account of the way we had taken to reach her, with various other details as to how I had employed my time during the morning—which only Haskins, who had dropped in upon her for a little while, could have known.

"This state of affairs continued for upwards of a fortnight. Miss Estelle Devereux's trances occurred at the same hour every day and lasted for the same length of time, and were always accompanied by most curious exhibitions of a clairvoyance and clairaudience, of which she had never given evidence at any other period of her life. Mr. Devereux still asserted that she ate next to nothing, and the statement was verified by the attendants of the Archduke Hotel.

"The wise heads of the university town for once were at a loss, and shook their unkempt manes in vain before the puzzle.

"Old Schultze at last suggested that the test of hot irons be applied the next day to the soles of the subject's feet.

"I happened to be in her room and very near her lounge at the time. The maid sat at the foot, and Haskins was not far off. At mention of the hot irons it seemed to me that I saw something like the shadow of a tremor flutter through the patient's eyelids. The maid stirred and Haskins took a step forward. As I turned I met his eyes. Miss Devereux lay like a waxen image, motionless as before. Drs. Schultze, Hohn, Bahn, and all the rest had been too deep in their disputations to notice anything whatever.

"When we got out into the street I faced Haskins with the question:

"Has it ever occurred to you that this charming young lady we have just left might be shamming?"

"Ladies, that was a most extraordinary glance the rascal turned upon me.

"Well, of course, cases of hysterical women having recourse to such pieces of imposture to gain certain ends are common enough. But what end could Miss Devereux have to gain?" quoth he.

"Ah, that is the interesting point, and one I firmly believe you to know a very great deal about."

"I?" His eyes danced.

"Yes, you!"

"Oh, come, doctor!"

"His manner confirmed the fantastic suspicion which had grafted itself upon me.

"Look here, young man," I exclaimed, thoroughly aroused, 'what game are you playing?' "He broke into a laugh.

"Great heavens, doctor, don't scream so! If you'll only keep still a moment I'll tell you. But you must give me your word first that you will not repeat—"

"I shall promise nothing of the sort!"

I cried. 'What preposterous piece of imposture and tomfoolery is this? I wish to know. I will be party to no such scandal.'

"We had reached my own door, and Haskins, hastily slipping his arm through mine, dragged me within.

"Now I'll tell you," he exclaimed breathlessly and half laughing still. 'I'll count on your silence in spite of your threats. Miss Devereux—'

"What do you know of Miss Devereux?"

"Don't interrupt me at every step!" he shouted. 'I'm in love with her—madly, passionately—and have been ever since she first came here with that old idiot of a father of hers, three months ago. I love her, and she—she loves me! I am not going to tell you how we met first. It would take too long. But Es—Miss Devereux knew very well that she could never get her father's consent to our marriage. I should not wonder if the old duffer thinks he will be able to buy up some grand duke for her. Pahaw! Well, the long and the short of the matter is that Es—Miss Devereux hit upon this plan. Oh, she's a witch, I can tell you! When the game has been played long enough I step in and cure her. Don't you see? Great gratitude on the part of the old man, paternal benediction, etc., etc. See?'

"I see that you are a pair of disgraceful young—"

"Oh, no, doctor! Now, now, come!" he laughed. 'You know you'll stand by us.'

"And you and that precious demure little maid were in collusion as to the clairvoyance, the continued fasting, and all the rest of it?"

"Yes, yes! Come, acknowledge the scheme was original at least! But it has been played long enough. It must stop now. To-morrow I shall come forward with a claim of having found a clue to Miss Devereux's strange affection. Her amelioration will be miraculously rapid. I shall have established a reputation for the greatest future eminence in my future father-in-law's sight, and—he broke into stentorian laughter afresh and threw his arm about my shoulder—"you, doctor, will dance at our wedding!"

"What shall I tell you further, ladies? I kept their secret after all. Miss Devereux grew steadily better, thanks to young Dr. Haskins' medicines, and now—they have, those two, been married nearly two years."



A CURIOSITY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

PROFESSOR GARNER, during his travels in Central Africa, has discovered many queer things, not the least remarkable of which is a curious little animal belonging to the Simian family.

This queer little beast, measuring about a foot in length, precisely resembles a bear in miniature. It seems to confine itself almost entirely to a narrow tract of country running along by the equator. The natives, who have given it the name of "lkanda," relate many remarkable stories about it.

Its hands and feet are its greatest peculiarities. The former precisely resemble those of a human being, with the exception that they lack an index finger. The stump of this forefinger looks exactly as though it had been amputated. The feet are also not unlike our own, if it were not for two remarkable peculiarities. In the first place the great toe protrudes at right angles to its fellows, while number two differs in that it possesses a claw.



HAVE YOU A FAMILY TREE?

"JOHN," said Mrs. Croesus thoughtfully, "everybody in society seems to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mr. Croesus.

"What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Croesus, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to me a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one."

"Buy one, then," he said irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of the affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large—"

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and, if it's too big for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and, if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and, if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

PEOPLE WHO LIVE LONG.

THE chief actuary of a big life insurance company gives it that commercial travellers and agents live longer than men in any other kind of business, notwithstanding the hazards which attend transportation by rail and water. Next to them come dentists, teachers, and professors, including music teachers.

After these in longevity are hatters, clergymen, and missionaries. The last may occasionally furnish food for the larder of untutored savages, but they are a first-rate risk, nevertheless. Next comes bankers and capitalists, who seem to live just a trifle longer than butchers and market men.

Lawyers and jewellers follow, and they are succeeded on the list by merchants, pedlars, milkmen, and pawn-brokers. Then come gardeners, labourers, civil engineers and canvassers. Perhaps the treatment which canvassers are apt to receive in the ordinary course of their business shortens their lives.

Of course, newspaper men don't live so long as any of the people above mentioned. Even bookkeepers and bank cashiers, as well as artists and architects, are ahead of them. They come in later with the printers, physicians, and gentlemen who are not engaged in any active employment.

Then follow the apothecaries and photographers, and after them in order bakers, cigar makers, estate agents, army officers and soldiers, publicans, sailors, and naval officers. Shortest lived of all seem to be the auctioneers, boarding-house keepers, barbers, and drivers.

BOBBY: "There is our watch dog."

Willie (five years old): "How often do you have to find him up?"

PROOF OF GENIUS.—First Poet: "I think Thomson's 'Seasons' is the most remarkable book ever written."

Second Poet: "Why?"

First Poet: "It contains over a thousand lines on spring, and he managed to get it published."

Is Your Character Good or Bad?

THOSE of the readers of P. W. who wish to have their characters told should forward a specimen of their handwriting upon an unruled sheet of paper with their usual signature and full address. With this should be inclosed six stamps with a stamped and addressed envelope. Letters should be addressed to "GRAPHOLOGIST," Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

PROBABLY the owner of the largest number of dogs in the world is Gustav Jovanovitch, a "Russian cattle king," who has 35,000 shepherd dogs to look after 1,500,000 sheep.

PRESIDENT FAURE and Alphonse Daudet are among the notable Frenchmen who have lately become teetotalers. They have decided that drinking is incompatible with the hard work which brings success.

THE widowed Comtesse de Paris shares with her son, the King of Portugal, a passion for bull-fighting, and besides keenly enjoying organising these entertainments, she herself, armed with a lance, has been known to take the part of a picador.

KING HUMBERT OF ITALY is, after the German Emperor, the most erratic of European monarchs, and, up to the last moment, the movements of Italian royalty are uncertain. The king hates public functions of every kind, declaring that theatres bore him, concerts are a nuisance, and balls absolute waste of time.

THE Empress Elizabeth is responsible for the fact that the Society women of Austria are highly enthusiastic over the sport of the steeplechasing. They are all riding, and looking exceptionally well in the saddle. The Empress started this reckless amusement and it is now the fad of the day. Though there is no doubt as to its danger, it has developed many expert horsewomen.

THE many admirers of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, more familiar as Mark Twain, will be pleased to learn that he has not only completely recovered his health, but that he has also mended his fortunes, broken some time back by unlucky speculations. His lecturing tours, which he is still keeping up, have been conspicuous financial successes; and he has just sold the copyright of a new work for £10,000, a price which was considered fabulous when Lord Beaconsfield obtained it for one of his novels.

THE Duchess of York, since her marriage, has come into some valuable possessions. Her dressing-table at York Cottage is composed entirely of the most delicate china, fashioned in a design of cupids, supporting wreaths of white roses (the badge of York); in the hearts of the flowers are tiny electric lights which throw a soft radiance on the large oval mirror. The brushes, trinket boxes, etc., which lie on the fairy-like table are all of dull gold, and, in every instance, "May" is written across them in turquoises and diamonds.

MR. KNIGHT, who has gone to the front as war correspondent to the TIMES, is a tremendous pedestrian. In his younger days he has toured on foot over the greater part of Europe, and, among other performances, has trudged from one end of France to the other. Russia is the only country which to him remains unexplored. Mr. Knight has not long returned from Madagascar, where he represented the TIMES. The dispatch of letters from the island was strictly forbidden, and Mr. Knight had resource to the old device of inclosing his communications in bamboo tubes constructed with false bottoms.

A STORY is told of the Queen which well illustrates Her Majesty's kindly thoughtfulness for her subjects. Some years ago an old man, named John Pearce, living in Beer Lane, Windsor, had been unable to pay his rent. The landlord ordered him to move. This was impossible, since his wife was lying ill in bed. One morning workmen came and began to pull off the tiles. The old man in despair rushed to the Castle and demanded to see the Queen. After some difficulty a message was conveyed to Her Majesty. As the result, she actually drove round to the house in her carriage, and ordered the workmen to replace every tile as they had found it. At the same time by a handsome present she placed the old man out of his difficulty.

IT is not generally known that the reigning German Empress is an ardent follower of the photographic art. In summer hardly a day passes without her Majesty having added to her collection, and she never travels without her camera. She has a quick eye for good instantaneous subjects, and many an individual, who never dreamt of the honour done him, has been "fixed" by an Imperial snap-shot. The Kaiserin has photographed her children times without number, in every possible attitude, and with capital success, though very few persons outside the Imperial household are favoured with a glimpse of her work. Queen Margherita of Italy, who is an intimate friend of the Kaiserin, has several large views of the New Palace grounds which are entirely her Imperial Majesty's work.

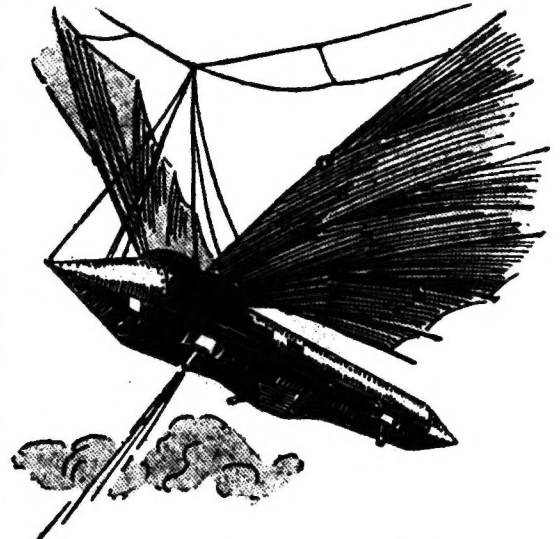
THOUGH Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is a non-smoker and a disbeliever in the weed, the Cabinet has a large majority of smokers. The Chancellor's companions in abstinence are Lord Salisbury, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Arthur Balfour, and Mr. Chaplin, who are all innocent of tobacco. The Leader of the House and the Squire of Blakeney are quite inured to the smell of the weed, but never indulge themselves. Mr. Ritchie smokes an occasional cigarette, but is practically an abstainer. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Cross, the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Akers-Douglas, and their colleagues in the Cabinet all enjoy the cigarette or cigar. The Secretary for the Colonies is probably the most persistent and habitual smoker among the Cabinet Ministers. He prefers a cigar—unlike his son, who cultivates the more modern taste for cigarettes.

WHEN SHALL WE FLY?

THERE is no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the evolution of mechanical matters during the last few years that before the twentieth century shall have far dawned, we shall have overcome the laws of gravitation, and that flying machines will be accomplished facts.

It is also generally concluded that it will be in America that they will have their birth. And this all the more so since a prize of something like £50,000 has been offered by that country to the first person who should invent such a machine.

Thousands of people at the present time are racking their brains to discover how they shall win this prize. Many ideas have already been thought of, while more than one model has been completed which can at least fly round a room.



One of these models, which is the darling of the inventor's heart, seems to be a very creditable machine, even in the opinion of outside experts, albeit the element of clumsiness is not altogether lacking. It can fly round a room with the greatest of ease, and appears to have entirely overcome many of the obstacles which have hitherto been insurmountable.

The machine is fitted with immense wings, lying over hundreds of square feet of atmosphere, which gives it the advantage of being able to rise up from a level place. As the inventor puts it: "It will not merely be able to come down from the top of a high tower on to the ground, as so many machines can now do, but it will be able to mount up from the ground on to the top of a high tower, which other machines cannot do." The inventor, it will be seen, altogether disagrees with Mr. Hiram Maxim's idea that a practical flying machine will no more have wings like a bird than a train has feet like a horse.

A large air cell in the top of the whale-like structure is to lighten the upper part and prevent the ship from turning over when it has once risen. It is fitted in such a way that it can be made to catch the full force of any wind that may be blowing.

It would seem that the difficulty of steering is overcome by "pointing her nose to the wind." In other words, there is an ingenious arrangement by which the air may be shut off from the one side and allowed to blow with full force on the other. Added to this, the tail can be manipulated in the same way so that the "nose and tail device" is very similar to the rudder used on an ordinary sea-going ship.

When it is required to bring the ship down to the ground again, the air cell is emptied, when it will float gradually downwards. This is the same principle on which torpedo boats rise above or sink beneath the level.

"I CAN'T see why it is," said Bobby, "that when little boys are cross they are naughty; and when papas and mammas are cross, folks say they are nervous."

HOPELESS.—"Tom has proposed, and asks me to give him his answer in a letter."

"Shall you do it?"

"No; I will be more liberal, and give him his answer in two letters."

WELL-INSURED GERMAN: "How much vos dot one?" Shopman: "Well, I can't recommend that one, sir. It is a very old lamp, out of repair, and I would be afraid it might explode and burn your shop down." W. I. G.: "Wrap it up! Wrap it up!"

FULL OF ABILITY.—Father: "I would like my son to study under you."

D'Auber: "Has he shown any natural talents that would fit him to become an artist?"

Father (enthusiastically): "Yes, indeed. Why, he can go nearly a week without food."

—a second prize of £1 is. will be awarded to the sender of the second best photograph. Attempts must reach this office by June 9th, marked "Photo," and one shilling must be inclosed with each photo as a donation to the F.A.F. Besides which—

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2008. Why do Certain Animals Lap instead of Drink?

It seems an arrangement of Nature to prevent carnivorous animals, whose stomachs are comparatively small, from over-distending themselves with water. Most of the animals that suck when drinking are herbivorous and have large stomachs, or more than one, with a gizzard or receptacle for unchewed food, and with them digestion is a slow process and there is little, if any, danger of over-distension, although such a thing is not unknown with some domestic herbivorous animals. Digestion is a much more rapid process with the carnivora, and it is important that it should not be delayed by the ingestion of large quantities of cold water. By lapping the mouth and throat are thoroughly moistened, while the water is supplied to the stomach in small quantities, properly warmed and mixed with saliva. It may be fairly assumed that the carnivora are of more recent creation, for the herbivorous animals are their food, and that therefore lapping may be considered a more highly developed way of drinking than sucking.

2009. Which Piece of Mechanism has been Least Altered since its Invention?

One may safely say the Archimedian screw, which is a machine for raising water, said to have been invented by Archimedes during his stay in Egypt, in order to irrigate some portions of land which were above the direct influence of the Nile. In its simplest form, as used to-day, it is identical with the same as the machine which was constructed in the first instance by the Syracusan inventor, more than two hundred years before Christ. It consists of a tube bent spirally round a solid cylindrical axis, which is inclined to the horizontal at an angle varying usually from 35° to 45°. Archimedes proceeded on the idea, which turned out to be correct in practice, that if a small, solid body was placed in the lowest end of the tube, and the screw turned round in a direction opposite to that of the hands of a clock, it is evident that at each point of the screw will successively pass beneath the body at the lower side of the cylinder, the body will ultimately be forced at the other end. Similarly, if the lower end be immersed in water, the continual turning of the screw will raise the water until it flows out at the top. Nothing could be better conceived, and Archimedes followed the idea so thoroughly, that any alterations at all have been merely in small matters of detail, and not in principle. Machines, in fact, differing only to a small degree from this, which was in use two thousand years ago, are now used extensively in Holland.

2010. Which Prime Minister during the Reign of Queen Victoria has been Called upon to Transact the Most Important Foreign Business?

Lord Palmerston. In estimating the foreign policy of Palmerston, one cannot omit all mention of that important period between 1835 and 1842, when, though not Prime Minister, he was intrusted by Lord Melbourne with the entire direction of foreign policy. In this period he did much to establish constitutional government in Spain and Portugal; he carried on dangerous and difficult negotiations in the East with the view of diminishing the power of Russia; he overthrew the power of Egypt singlehandedly; he carried on a war against Afghanistan, and successfully concluded the Chinese opium war by the Treaty of Nankin. As Prime Minister in 1855 he carried the Crimean War to its conclusion. He took a prominent part in the abortive Vienna Conference, and finally brought the war to a termination. Difficulties followed with America as to Honduras and the dismissal of English envoys. These Palmerston brought to a triumphant conclusion. He also successfully terminated a war with Persia,

and another with China, in both of which very important principles were involved. Then followed the Indian Mutiny. Meanwhile, he was involved in dangerous negotiations as to the settlement of the Danubian principalities, which were threatened by the ambitions of the French emperor. The bomb outrage by Orsini intensified the difficulty of the situation, and brought about the resignation of Palmerston. He came into office again in 1859, a position which he held till his death in 1865. During this ministry he had to negotiate a war in China in 1860, a war in Japan in 1862, and a war in Ashantee in 1864. The American war of 1860 placed England in a position of peculiar difficulty. A very slight blunder in the matter of the Trent or the Alabama would have plunged England, in the sensitive condition of American feeling, into war with that country. In Europe also, affairs were very troubled. There was the war of the unification of Italy, and Napoleon's invasion of that country, and the scare of a French invasion of England. In Denmark there was the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty, and the futile remonstrance of England against Russian cruelties in Poland. Throughout, though Palmerston was inconsistent, and at times an interfering minister, he guided the policy of Europe to the singular advantage and credit of England.

2009. What was the Most Tragic Event in History?

The massacre which attended the sack of Delhi by Nadir Shaw, March 11th, 1739. History offers no parallel to this cold-blooded atrocity; beside it the cruelties of the black hole of Calcutta, and the massacre of Glencoe shrink into insignificance. Nadir Shaw, the Persian conqueror, had occupied Delhi; and had promised to spare the city on payment of a heavy ransom. The magistrates were contriving ways and means of raising this, when a tumult arose, in which many of the occupying force were slain by the citizens. News of this was brought to the Persian King at midnight, and getting his men under arms he marched out of the citadel, and halting at a convenient place waited for daylight. At daybreak the tumult had totally subsided, when a person from an overlooking terrace fired upon the king, and killed an officer standing by his side. Beside himself with rage, Nadir Shaw ordered an indiscriminate massacre. Squadrons of cavalry were sent through the streets, musketeers scoured the terraces, and the order was executed with rigour. No distinction of age, sex, or condition was made, and the panic-stricken inhabitants, throwing down their arms, submitted to the slaughter like sheep, and were literally butchered in heaps. A single Persian soldier often butchered a whole family without meeting with any resistance. Many of the Hindoos shut up their wives and daughters, set fire to their apartments, and then threw themselves into the flames. Thousands plunged headlong into wells and were drowned. Death was seen in every horrid shape conceivable, and at last seemed rather to be sought after than avoided. Not until two o'clock in the afternoon did the carnage cease—by that time upwards of 100,000 had perished.

2011. Which Kind of Musical Instrument is it Most Injurious to Health to Play?

Probably the oboe, although some would say the flute. It is very doubtful if a healthy man playing in a correct method ever suffers in health from playing any musical instrument, but those who have any weakness of the heart or circulation, may be injured by playing a wind instrument. As it is quite easy for a musician to inspire between the phrases of the music, but impossible for him to expire without over-blowing his instrument, it follows that those wind instruments that require the least expenditure of breath are the more injurious, for the player has to hold his breath for long intervals, and this is the case with the oboe and flute. It is also commonly said of the former that many players have been poisoned by the metal mouth-piece, but this is probably an orchestral myth. The charge against the oboe that the curious tickling of the lips caused by the vibrations of the double reed has caused cancer of those parts may have some foundation in fact.

2012. Which Animal Performs the Most Curious Yagaries when at Play?

The Demoiselle crane, a beautiful bird, the movements of which, generally slow and graceful, with a certain air of delicate daintiness, develop at times into the wildest eccentricities, the most grotesque antics, the most ludicrous postures. Raising itself on the tips of its toes, it commences a dizzy waltz, stopping every now and then to bow and curtsy. It moves with extraordinary rapidity, passing from one figure to another, as if performing some intricate quadrille. The height of the demoiselle crane is about three feet six inches. The general tint of the plumage is blue-grey, taking a more leaden tone at the head and neck, and offering a beautiful contrast to the snowy white ear-tufts, issuing from velvety black, which decorate the head. The crowned cranes are also remarkable for the extraordinary gambols in which they occasionally indulge, their absurd dances, their never-ending races, during which each bird endeavours to yell the loudest.

2013. When and in what Country was the First Detective Force Organised?

In Rome, in the earliest times of the Roman's history, there was a public officer whose functions resembled those of the church courts in Medieval Europe, a Censor Morum, an inquisitor who might examine into the habits of private families, rebuke extravagance, check luxury, punish vice and self-indulgence, and even remove from the senate, the great council of elders, persons whose moral conduct was a reproach to a body on whose reputation no shadow could be allowed to rest. Those censors—two in number, and who were first created in Rome, B.C. 443—could inquire into the expenses of every citizen, and penetrate the domestic circle at their will. In order to perform their functions they necessarily employed subordinates, who discharged certain defined duties, and reported to their superiors at fixed periods. From such a body as this we trace the modern detective force.

2014. What would have been the Probable Course of History had James the Second Remained a Protestant?

Had James adhered to the national religion, he would not have attempted to force Catholicism upon his subjects, and the revolution of 1688 would not have taken place. He would have died King of England, and his son James would have succeeded him. We cannot tell what would have been the subsequent order of the succession, because we do not know what children would have been born to James the Third had he married as king. As a matter of fact, he left two sons, who died without issue; but we cannot assume that this would have been the case if they had been sons of a reigning monarch and had made corresponding matrimonial alliances. Had the line of Stuart died out, the House of Orleans would probably have succeeded, for the antagonism to a Catholic sovereign, aroused by the foolish policy of James the Second would hardly have existed in the eighteenth century. But though the Revolution of 1688 would not have occurred, the political bigotry of the Stuart family would probably have provoked severe struggles between the Crown and the Parliament, and the progress of reform in this country would have been retarded. Had James the Second remained on the throne, the foreign policy of England would have been widely different. His close friendship with France would have prevented the Grand Alliance against Louis the Fourteenth, and the power of that monarch would have grown to an overweening height. The brilliant campaigns of Marlborough would never have existed, for James the Third would have followed the policy of his father. It is even probable that England would never have acquired Newfoundland, and driven the French out of North America. In that case, the question of taxing the American colonies would not have arisen, and the whole course of life in the Western Hemisphere would have been different.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at the rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

3041. What is "laughing sickness"?
3042. Is there any difference in structure between poisonous and non-poisonous snakes?
3043. Is it probable that kites will before long be used in warfare?
3044. Which existing animals differ most as to size and character from their pre-historic progenitors?
3045. Which is the most startling proof of the germ theory of disease that has recently come to light?
3046. Which quadruped seems to possess the strongest sense of gratitude?
3047. The doings of which royal court are least publicly known?
3048. Which of man's anatomical peculiarities, that distinguish him from the lower animals, could he least easily dispense with?
3049. Which food appeases hunger most quickly and satisfactorily?
3050. What is the most striking example of a neglected opportunity in the whole course of history?

TO TRUSTEES AND INVESTORS.

THE PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST OF MONEY LENT ON MORTGAGES can be absolutely secured by the payment of a small annual premium to the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of London, who are prepared to issue policies to the Investor securing his money and interest.

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RICHARD J. PAULL,

General Manager and Secretary.

40 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

—a further prize of £2 2s. is offered for the best photo to which the title "A Bank Holiday" is applicable. This must be marked "Snap Shot," and again one shilling must accompany each attempt to assist in knocking off the total of £4,050 which is required in order to give 100,000 poor children a holiday this summer.

NOT MADE TO ORDER.

"She whom I love must be quite small," I said.
"I like not your tall women: quite petite.
With eyes that must perforce be raised to mine.
And small, white hands, and little, dancing feet,"
But when we met, love, in that hour divine,
Your honest eyes looked level into mine.

"She must be gentle—woman's chiefest charm!
Meek and submissive to my lightest frown."
But now my heart is lying at your feet,
Ah! How imperiously you smiled it down;
And I, your willing slave, from day to day,
Live but to love, to honour, to obey.

"She must be fair!"
But in your rounded cheek
The red and brown do meet in sweetest blend,
The twilight dusk is in your heavy hair;
And long black lashes added beauty lend
To your brown eyes, where darkly written lie
Love's answers in Love's shy obscurity.

HER ATTRACTION.

SMITH: "Barker, I want to ask you, as a personal favour, not to transfer Police-Constable Killalea to some other precinct."

Police Inspector: "Well, Mr. Smith, I am heartily glad to hear he is such an efficient officer."

Smith: "It's not that, Inspector; but our cook would leave us if he went."

AN AUTOMATIC BANK.

THE automatic machine idea has been turned to new account in Italy. Put a coin in the slot, take out a receipt, and the thing is done. The working man's "honest penny" is "banked" without the trouble of going to a savings bank or the post-office.

When a sufficient number of receipts have been collected they can be exchanged for a "libretto" of the regular savings bank. Interest at four per cent. is paid on deposits, and the depositors are entitled to a share of the profits derived from the bank's operations. The cost of constructing such a bank is about £5. The idea might well be tried in England.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

AGENT (to superintendent of laundry): "I have come, sir, to ascertain if you would like to purchase one of my new machines—"

Superintendent: "No, we don't want any of your machines; we have all the machinery we can use."

"But, my dear sir, no laundry is complete without one of my machines."

"What is it; a mangle?"

"No, sir; your manglers and ironers are not in it when my machine gets to work."

"What is your machine for?"

"It's a machine made expressly to take buttons off garments. When it strikes a button, it removes the same in a twinkling, and rips the garment from end to end."

"Young man, you have a brilliant future before you. You may send half-a-dozen of your machines to the laundry at once."

WHAT IS COLD?

A COUNTRY WHERE A LIGHTED CANDLE FINDS IT HARD TO KEEP WARM.

COLD is merely a relative term. The resident of the semi-tropical countries shivers when the thermometer falls to 50 degrees, while the Laplander and Eskimo think it is comfortable at zero.

For real cold, and plenty of it, one must go to the Polar regions. Think of living where the mercury goes down to 36 degrees below zero in the house, in spite of the stove. Of course, in such a case, fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Dr. Moss, of the Polar expedition of 1875-76, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was 35 degrees below zero; and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm.

It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to cut its way down, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing.

There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lacelike cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

A NEEDLE BATH.

THE TORTURE OF A LONDON HOSPITAL.

WHILST an in-patient at one of the metropolitan hospitals, the physician who had my case in hand prescribed, among other remedies, a needle bath three times a week. Now no one in the ward could tell me what a needle bath was, but all the patients thought it must be something formidable, since it was an open secret that one of their number, sometime previously, who had been ordered a needle bath, had left the hospital after his first experience of it, rather than submit to a second dose. It was with a very dubious feeling, therefore, that I accompanied the attendant on the following morning down to the bathroom, which was situated in the basement of the hospital.

On arriving at the scene of operations my eyes alighted on a structure somewhat like a birdcage, were it not large enough to inclose a human instead of a feathered biped. This, as I rightly conjectured, was to be my temporary abode of torture. Having disrobed I was told by one of the attendants (there were two present) to enter this "cage." I should not omit to mention that what corresponded to the innocent wires of an aviary were in this contrivance hollow brass tubes perforated with small holes at every quarter of an inch.

Having taken my stand in the centre, the water was soon being forced in countless jets on to my body from shoulders to feet through these tiny apertures. This sensation was not at all unpleasant, and I began to think that a needle bath was not such a very dreadful form of aquatic amusement after all. But presently streams of cold water were descending on my head with more violence than I cared about. Then one of my tormentors directed a fierce jet of water on me from what looked like a fire-engine hose to judge by the nozzle. The force of this beating against my ribs nearly knocked the breath out of my body. But the imps of torture by this time had warned to their work, and piled up the agony with malignant gusto.

First I was doused with cold water above and hot below, whilst it was tepid from the "fire-engine;" then they rang the changes, and with giddy mirth half-boiled me with hot water from the top, while freezing me with cold streams lower down. This fun lasted for several minutes, during which time I, with mouth wide open, was gasping for air in a semidrowned state, the steam rising from the jets below, which had been again changed, quite preventing my breathing.

My back was turned to the attendants; they were prevented from seeing my struggles to draw breath, and it was impossible for me to call upon them to desist. I was just on the point of collapsing and sinking down in a heap on the tessellated pavement, which formed the floor of the bathroom, when my tormentors, who by this time had satisfied their thirst for fun, turned off the water, and I was led in a thoroughly exhausted state to the dressing-room by one of the attendants, the other with fiendish chuckle saying: "There, you never had a bath like that before," to which I feebly responded: "No, nor do I want to a second time."

Nor did I undergo the ordeal again, for I complained to one of the sisters, who sympathisingly told me it had been applied in much too severe a form. She afterwards gave such instructions as effectually prevented a repetition of a needle bath of this description, and to the credit of the hospital I may add that the chief in the watery pastime was not allowed to apply baths of this character again to any of the patients.



ARE HOLIDAYS EXPENSIVE?

£2 FOR A TRIP ON THE CONTINENT.

SPECIAL arrangements have been made with Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son for an attractive Continental Tour for readers of P.W. This tour will occupy three days. Starting from London (S.W.) on Friday night, the tourists will travel by Harwich and Antwerp to Brussels. From here an excursion will be made to the scene of the battle of Waterloo. Passengers will travel third class by train and second by steamer. Breakfast will be provided at Antwerp on arrival, and two days and a half full accommodation at headquarters. Those who wish to stay at any particular hotel on Messrs. Cook's first-class list can do so at an additional cost of 10s. All applications for tickets must be made to this office, stating the date for which they are required, and inclosing £2 in postal orders.

A STRANGE TONGUE.

SOME members of a German ship's crew had occasion to visit a shipbuilding yard in England, and in the course of their walk entered a paint-shop where two Irishmen were at work.

The visitors talked together in their own language, greatly to the mystification of the British workmen, and at last one of the painters could not restrain his curiosity.

"I say, Mike," said he to his fellow-labourer, "and do you know what these fellows are saying?"

"Arrah, now, Pat," answered the second man, "don't be showing your ignorance. They're spakin' shorthand."

THE RICHEST DOG IN THE WORLD.

At the present moment there's a dog in Denver, U.S.A., who is heir to £10,000, and enjoyed the legacy, so far as canine enjoyment of such a sum is possible, until ordinary consumption marked him for a victim.

Now there is a skilled surgeon retained at a big fee to attend him; he has a nurse whose sole duty it is to feed him and care for him and administer medicines at the times designated by the surgeon who has the case under consideration. Incidentally the whole family of the deceased man has accompanied the dog to the West, where the canine was ordered to be taken for his health.

This particular dog, which is without doubt the richest dog in the world, is a small fox terrier, and he literally fell into his good fortune. He was a waif in the streets of Philadelphia when a wealthy native of the Quaker City named Davis found him and took him home.

When Davis fell ill the dog seemed to realise that the illness was of a serious nature and refused to be comforted. He neither eat nor slept while Davis was sick. Davis was touched by the devotion of his canine friend, and when he died and his will was read it was found that he had left to the dog a legacy of £10,000. No provision was made for the disposition of the legacy in the event of the terrier's death.

Soon after the dog became heir to the fortune he fell ill. Skilled medical men were consulted, and they said the dog was suffering from consumption.

The legatee was treated with all the consideration which would have been accorded a human being. At the present time the dog, in common with the family of the dead man, is quartered at the leading fashionable hotel in Denver.

It is an interesting question whether the £10,000 reverts to the family in the event of the dog's death, which is certain, or goes to the State of Pennsylvania.

"GWANDMA," said Mollie, looking at the wrinkled forehead of the dear old lady, "I finks you ought to go to the laundwy and det your head ironed."

MRS. MCBRIDE (entering the kitchen: "Bridget, didn't I see that policeman kiss you?"

Bridget: "Well, mum, sure an' yez wouldn't have me lay meself open to arrist for resistin' an officer, mum?"

"It is curious about Dr. Bronson, but it's a fact which I have noted, that his patients get well a great deal quicker than those of any other doctor I know."

"That's easily accounted for. Dr. Bronson charges so much, his patients can't afford to remain ill very long."

"I'm so glad you have come, Miss Morrison! I have so longed for a dance with you. May I have the fourth waltz?"

"You may if I am not engaged."

"Your card shows that you're not."

"Yes—but I'm going to sit out the third waltz with Jack, and—well, I may be engaged when the fourth comes."

THERE is no question about it, Mrs. Harkaway is a person of most ingenious mind. She has not only transferred an old soap-box into a very handsome hanging bookcase, but the other night, when her new theatre hat had failed to arrive in time, she wore a lamp shade instead, which obstructed the view of a man behind her as effectually as the hat would have done, to say nothing of the envy of the other women at the play that night.

SHE WAS FLATTERED.—Mrs. Sansom: "I understand, sir, that you have secretly been making love to my daughter, and I must forbid an acquaintance begun in that way. You should have seen me first."

Shrewd Sister: "Madam, had I seen you first I should have forgotten your daughter and fallen in love with you."

Mrs. Sansom: "Um—the informality of the proceeding was all I objected to. Come with me and I will introduce you."

Tell your friends that the most thrilling war story ever written is now appearing in P.W.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' TAILOR.

To lay the axe at the root of fusions sunk deep in the public mind seems to be the mission of P.W. interviewers. Pools, of Saville Row, used to supply the Prince of Wales with clothes, but does not now. When I asked the affable manager of that world-renowned establishment as to the name of the firm which did, an inscrutable look stole over his features as he replied: "There are four, I believe, but I do not know who they are."

It was not an easy matter to unearth these lucky tradesmen, and a still harder one to make them talk with the exception of one, who chatted freely with our representative. "I believe," he began, "that years ago the Prince's taste inclined towards loud checks. If the sporting press are to be believed his get up at Newmarket as a young man must have been wonderful. He wears nothing but quiet things now, still he contrives to maintain his reputation of being the best dressed gentleman in Europe. Not because his garments are better made or composed of more costly materials than other people's, but simply because he has a wonderful eye, and can tell to a nicety how a piece of stuff will look when made up."

"Then, again, for a big man the Prince is uncommonly well proportioned." Reference to a small morocco-bound volume with gilt edges and a massive clasp confirmed this. It is not every man turned fifty with a forty-five inch chest who can boast of a waist no more than forty inches.

"It would be more," went on my informant, "were it not for the smallness of his appetite, early rising, active life, and great abstemiousness. When the Duke of Clarence was alive the pair used frequently to drop in of an afternoon to look over the patterns. The son invariably chose the same as the father, as did the Duke of York till he married. Since then a wire is always sent to me when clothes are required."

"On my arrival at Marlborough House, just before eleven, I am shown into a room close to the apartment where the Prince goes through his morning letters. I should say that His Highness is the most punctual man in the kingdom. As the clock strikes eleven he enters, makes his selection with lightning celerity, and is off again at exactly five minutes past the hour."

"Does he pay more than your other customers?" I ventured to ask.

"Certainly not. The numerous stories which get into circulation as to the price of his clothes are sheer fiction. A well-known society paper not long since stated that for a frock coat and vest he paid twenty guineas. Absurd! The most I have ever charged was ten guineas. It is true that years ago, when tailors gave long credit, he may have paid fifteen guineas. Why, in those times my father never charged the late Marquis of Hastings less than four guineas for a pair of trousers. The Prince's price is two guineas to fifty shillings."

"The Prince's stock of trousers must be enormous, for he never wears any pair more than three times, and the left-off clothes of royalty are not allowed to be annexed by the valets. The clothes at Marlborough House are kept in what is known as the 'Brushing Room,' and require several men to keep them in order; while the hats, in their hundreds, are kept at Sandringham. The Prince of Wales has a horror of dress clothes. Although years have elapsed since he attempted to effect an alteration in the present fashion, it is easy to see when he is trying a suit on that he dislikes them as heartily as ever. He has twelve of these suits a year, of which I provide about three, the price being fifteen guineas a suit."

"Although his taste, as far as patterns are concerned, has undergone a great change, the Prince is as partial to 'ditto' suits as ever. When selecting these, he will frequently order half-a-dozen suits at a time. They are the cheapest clothes he wears. Some years ago his secretary, in consequence of an accidental overcharge, fixed them at a uniform price of eight guineas a suit. We do not make his sporting clothes, of which he has an immense variety. He has one style of dress for battue work, with a different sort for field work with the dogs."

"The Prince, more from habit than anything else, occasionally orders flannels, but I do not believe that he wears them. But he is as particular as ever about his blue serge for yachting, and here, I might say, that in my opinion, owing possibly to his bright blue eyes and healthy complexion, the Prince looks better in a yachting costume than in any other. His favourite overcoat last winter, which was a mild one, was a dark beaver, lined with quilted satin. The material for this coat, which was specially made, cost £3 a yard."

"In cold weather His Royal Highness takes refuge in a sable-lined fur, a magnificent garment, worth 500 guineas."

"In one respect the taste of my royal customer is peculiar: he loves all modern patterns in clothes, but loathes all modern hats except the old bowler, which, rumour says, he always takes with him on his travels. Go to the Prince's hatter in Bond Street and he will tell you that His Highness favours a bell shape with a roll brim, reminiscent of a more dressy age than the present."

"The world says that the Prince of Wales has a most retentive memory," I here interposed.

"I should think he has," was the quick rejoinder, "for the different appointments he fills, military and

otherwise, require over seventy uniforms. Those of the army necessitate four uniforms for each regiment. Full dress, undress, mess dress, and overcoat. I should never have believed he was so familiar with the shape, pattern, and details of them all, had he not when calling one day to renew several, suddenly discovered that he had come without the written descriptions, which if written out would run into a matter of 12,000 words. Without a moment's hesitation he described them accurately from memory."

"But if his memory is great, his agility for so heavy a man is still more wonderful. In all my customers there isn't one who can take off the clothes he is wearing, try on the clothes I am making, and get back into his own again so quickly as the Prince. I am told he is just the same at home. A valet is no good to him, for after his bath it only takes him eight minutes to dress."

"I can give you no idea at all of the value of his wardrobe, but I do happen to know what his uniforms are worth, because I valued them at the time when the insurances at Marlborough House were put on a new footing. The uniforms, robes, etc., are worth £12,000, exclusive of swords, helmets, etc., which are worth £1,500 more."

WHY HE WAS COOL.

AVERAGE MAN: "There's a run on another bank. Just look at those depositors crowding in. The fools! That's what makes money tight. The whole crowd should be carried off to a lunatic asylum."

Friend: "You are allowing your deposit to remain, I presume?"

Average Man: "Um—er—I haven't any funds in that bank."

WHO HAS THE SMALLEST BICYCLE?

COUNT MAGRE, the little man who married Tom Thumb's widow, and who is thirty inches high, has just ordered a bicycle for his own use. It is to cost sixty guineas, though it will be the smallest bicycle on record.

The dimensions include a fourteen inch wheel and a twelve inch frame, and the weight is not to exceed ten pounds. His wife, who still retains the name of Mrs. Tom Thumb, pays for it, and shows indications of being herself tempted to indulge in the universal craze for wheeling.

She still drives about in the tiny carriage drawn by Shetland ponies given her by Queen Victoria. The little lady is now fifty-five years old, and her Italian husband is forty-seven. They live in Indiana, U.S.A.

WHEN WOMEN CARVED.

OUR ancestors fully recognised the value of good carving, and many were the rules by which a carver was expected to be governed. The ancient "Boke on Kervying," among other things, admonishes him to touch venison only with his knife, and to "set never on fyche, fesch, or fowle more than two flyngers and a thumb." Fingers he was naturally obliged to use, since forks were a luxury of another date, and were not in private use until James I.'s reign.

Pierre Gaveston, the famous favourite of Edward II., had three silver forks for eating pears with, but this was regarded, no doubt, as a great and special luxury.

In George I.'s reign, it was the bounden duty of every mistress of a country house to carve for her guests. Etiquette demanded it of her, and no one might relieve her of her arduous task, not even the master of the house himself. To the latter was assigned the easy labour of passing the bottle and looking on while each joint was placed in turn before his wife or daughter, as the case might be, and by her rapidly manipulated.

Carving became one of the branches of a good feminine education, and there were professional carving masters who taught the young maids. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu took lessons in the art three times a week, and when her father was giving a big dinner party, made a practice of having her own dinner an hour or two beforehand. A guest who did not receive his portion from his hostesses' own fair hand would have considered himself much aggrieved.

At a suburban theatre during the performance of an historical play the herald announces "the King!"

Voice from the gallery: "What! Him the King? Why, he owes me half-a-crown?"

SHE: "Darling, do you love me?"

He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly): "Do I? I wish you were a two-headed girl. That's all I can say."

And she believed in his love.

PROOF POSITIVE.—"Father will be down in a minute. Have a cigar?"

Blumer: "Are you sure they are the kind he gives to his friends?"

Bobbie: "Yes, sir. They are some that mother gave him."

CYCLING NOTES.

THE latest thing sent us by America, the sociable bicycle, does not seem to have created any particular sensation beyond attracting the attention of, and eliciting more or less humorous criticisms from, the cab and bus driving fraternity. The amiable gentlemen who have been riding the machine about London seemed fairly comfortable, and quite at ease even in the thickest traffic. But people wanted to know, you know, what advantages the machine could boast of over the tandem, and nobody appeared quite able to say.

THAT the motor vehicle is coming in some shape, or in several shapes, it would be unwise to deny, but many shrewd people in the prophecy line of business hold strongly to the belief that it will not come in the shape of the cycle. Ninety-nine out of every hundred riders go in for the pastime for sake of the exercise which it entails, and the consequent health and pleasure. Such people have no desire to be propelled by petroleum or electricity. Again, such motor cycles as have been exhibited are heavy, complicated-looking affairs, to manipulate which one would require some training as an engineer. There were several trials of motor cycles on the Catford track some days ago, which, although interesting enough, were not unqualified successes. A mile was covered in 2min. 18.3-sec., and two miles in 4min. 55.1-sec. One machine evinced as strong a desire to kick as one might expect to find in a bad-tempered donkey, and after several meritorious efforts it succeeded in bringing the rider down badly.

MR. HARVEY DU CROS, whose name has been so much before the public in connection with pneumatic tyres, would probably never have had anything to do with that invention but for the fact that he has been all his life devoted to athletic pursuits. He was a champion boxer and fencer in his day, a great gymnast, an enthusiastic footballer under Rugby rules, and one of the first men in Ireland to take up cycling and stick to it. He trained his six sons up in the way he had gone, with the result that they are all splendid athletes and gymnasts. Had any enterprising burglars in the course of business happened to drop into the du Cros home when the family were thoroughly "fit," there would have been a lot of life and resiliency in the proceedings. Mr. du Cros's sons went in extensively for cycle racing, and, as they tried everything new, they early made the acquaintance of the pneumatic tyre. Mr. du Cros's business connection with the invention soon followed, and with what wonderful results the whole world now knows. Mr. du Cros is a dressy man, quiet and earnest in manner, is almost a teetotaler, and has a strong objection to tobacco.

THE presidency of the National Cyclists' Union, which has been vacant since the death of the present Earl of Albemarle's father, has been accepted by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, whose name will come formally before the next Council meeting, which will be held in a few weeks. When Mr. Balfour was first approached on the subject, he pleaded that the pressure on his time was too great to admit of his undertaking the duties; but on reconsidering the matter, he acceded to the invitation of the leaders of the Union. Mr. Balfour's presence and critical examination of the exhibits at last year's cycle shows proved that he took a practical interest in cycling, and his willingness to assist the Cyclists' Union so far as he can is a further testimony to his desire to advance the pastime. By-the-way, *Pearson's Weekly* is, I believe, the first paper to publish this item of news, which should be interesting to the many thousands of riders who owe allegiance to the National Cyclists' Union.

THE unfortunate advice given to ladies by a lady writer in one of the magazines to "sit low" is bearing most disastrous fruits, and many lady riders, weary of the labour imposed upon them by following the "tip," are thinking of giving up cycling in disgust. I would once again impress upon my readers the absolute necessity of having the saddle properly adjusted. The stretch must be such as to let the leg out to its full length, care being taken that the limb is not strained by too long a reach. To sit low means that you are almost helpless, and by the experienced cyclist is regarded as suicidal.

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.53 p.m. on Saturday, May 23rd, and 9.2 p.m. on May 30th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

Available until midnight, May 30th, 1896.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

PHOTO FACTS.

FOR THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN THE CAMERA.
No. 2.

EXPOSURE is the *pons asinorum* of photography, and, unfortunately, but very little assistance can be given in an article. There are numerous tables, exposure meters, actinometers, etc., all of which will be of some assistance to the beginner, though the advanced worker may sneer at them. Choose an exposure meter which actually measures the actinic power of the light at the time of exposure by the darkening of a strip of paper, and carefully read and master the instructions sent out with the instrument.

After exposure the plate has to be developed or treated with certain chemicals which reduce the silver salt affected by light to the metallic state. This operation must be done, of course, in the dark room. The number of developers to be found in textbooks on photography is extraordinary, but there are two which will give excellent results; the first is the old worker's friend, pyrogallol, or pyro, and washing soda. The latter ingredient is, of course, to be obtained at any grocer's, and a quarter of a pound should be dissolved in sufficient water to make thirty-seven ounces in all. The pyro can be obtained in bottles containing an ounce, and it is advisable to keep it in solution, as it readily spoils when exposed to the air. Purchase one ounce of potassium metabisulphite, dissolve it in five ounces of water, pour into the bottle of pyro, and make the bulk measure nine ounces by adding water.

These two solutions will both be ten per cent. solutions, that is, every ten parts of the solution will contain one part of the solid. Besides these two we want a solution of potassium bromide, one ounce in nine ounces of water. For development add twenty drops of potassium bromide solution, twenty drops of pyro solution, and 140 drops of washing soda solution to one ounce of water. The normal quantity of developer required for each plate is ten drachms for a quarter-plate, two ounces for a half-plate, and four ounces for a whole plate.

Place the plate in the dish, film upwards, and hold it in the left hand, and, with the measure in the right, draw the measure smartly down the side of the dish so as to cover the plate at one sweep with the developer, rock the dish, and watch the plate.

Gradually it will be seen to darken in places. For instance, if it is a landscape the sky will begin to blacken, and if a portrait the face and collar and cuffs. Then after these the half-tones will gradually appear, that is, the darker portions. Finally, the deep shadows will be seen to darken slightly.

Another very good developer, and one particularly suitable for ladies, doctors, and those who object to dirty fingers—and pyro is very much inclined to stain everything it touches a deep yellow—is the following:

I.			
Metal	...	...	55 grains.
Hydroquinone	...	...	60 grains.
Potassium Metabisulphite	...	...	120 grains.
Water	...	...	20 ounces.
II.			
Washing Soda	...	...	4 ounces.
Potassium Bromide	...	...	20 grains.
Water	...	...	18 ounces.

For use mix in equal parts. This is not a very difficult developer, and is suitable for beginners, both for time exposures and instantaneous work, since it is not so liable to fog as some, and gives very clean negatives.

The most difficult point in connection with development is to know exactly how long to continue the process, but this can be estimated roughly, at any rate, by noting the time that elapses between the pouring on of the developer and the appearance of the first sign of the image. With the pyro-developer given above the total duration of development should be about eight times, with the second developer the total duration will be about ten times, that is to say, supposing the first sign of the image did not make its appearance for thirty seconds, development would have to be prolonged for four and five minutes respectively. These times are only relative, but they are far better than nothing at all to the beginner, who will otherwise flounder hopelessly at this particular stage of his work.

As soon as development is complete the plate should be well rinsed and then placed in the fixing bath, which is composed of hyposulphite of soda (generally known as "hypo") one pound, water a quart. In this the plate should be left at least fifteen minutes, or till it looks quite free from any of the yellowish-white silver salt which has not been reduced by the developer. It should then be removed and well washed, preferably, for an hour or two in running water.

Great care must be taken not to get the hypo all over the plate; it's a good servant but a very bad master. Should it become dirt—or matter in the wrong place—then it will spoil everything; the least trace, even that carried into the developer by the fingers will hopelessly ruin any negative, causing it to fog and blacken all over. It is advisable, therefore, to keep one dish for fixing only, and to employ it for nothing else. After using for some time, the hypo gradually turns dark and muddy, but it should not be used too long.

("Army Notes" next week.)

TEA FOR THEATRE-GOERS.

FROM America comes the news of a decided innovation in the way of adding to the comfort of ladies who attend the *matinée* performances at the various theatres. By way of an experiment, one of the Broadway theatres in New York city recently adopted the plan of serving free cups of tea to any of the fair patrons who cared to go to the lobby, where it was drawn between the acts.

This new departure proved to be a great success in swelling the box-office receipts, and several other theatres are now preparing to introduce the plan.

A RESOURCEFUL CHILD.

"Yes, our little four-year-old is such a comfort and such a help to me," said Mrs. Westside to a lady caller. "Why, he can take care of his baby sister as well as any nurse. He is in the next room now, playing with little Dorothy." (Raises her voice): "Wal-ter!"

"Yeth, mamma."
"Are you taking care of little sister?"
"Yeth, mamma."
"What are you doing?"
"Oh, I'se des playin' I'se a barber, and I'se shavin' her wif papa's razor."
(Excited tableau!)

A POINT FOR THE UMPIRE.

AN amusing cricket story was related by old Tom Lockyer, the one time Surrey wicket-keeper.

It was in a match between the All England Eleven and a local twenty-two. A rural wielder of the willow went to the wicket, and had his off-stump knocked clean out of the ground the very first ball he received. The other two stumps remained standing, and the bumpkin, instead of retiring to the pavilion, still kept his ground.

"You're out, sir," said old Tom, who was behind the wicket; and for reply he got:

"Not me!"
"Nonsense," replied Lockyer. "Look at that stump knocked out. You're out fair enough."
"Am I?" returned the countryman, "well, I shan't goo out. If there's one stump down, there's two up, and in our country we're like Members of Parliament—we goo by the majority."

WHY THE UNDERNEATH PARTS OF FISH ARE WHITE.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made with flounders in order to determine whether the whiteness of the under sides of those fish is due to the exclusion of light, and the presence of colour on their upper sides to exposure to light.

The fish experimented upon have been kept living in a glass tank, having a mirror placed beneath, so as to reflect light upon the under sides of the fish.

One of these prisoners has survived for three years under conditions so strangely different from its ordinary habits of life, and all of them have exhibited the development of spots of pigment on their lower surfaces.

The experimenters have concluded that it is exposure to light that causes the colouration of the upper parts of the bodies not only of flounders but of other fish, and conversely, that it is to the comparative absence of light that the whiteness of under sides of fish is due. They extend the same principle to explain the colourless condition of the skins of many animals that pass all their lives in caves.

A SMART BOY.

THE power loom was the invention of a farmer's boy, who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He fashioned one with his penknife, and, when he got it all done, he showed it with great enthusiasm to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him who would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him.

He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms, and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman, who was the inventor of the celebrated power loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces the previous year.

HOW TO BECOME A CHEF.

THE making of a man cook in France is a lengthy and tedious process. According to a celebrated French chef, a young man, when he decides to pursue a culinary career, selects his nominal instructor, to whom he pays a sum equivalent to a sovereign.

The aspirant is first assigned to the vegetable cook, who teaches him how to prepare the raw materials. When he has mastered this he is initiated into the mystery of cooking them. This thoroughly learned, he studies the methods of cutting up raw meats, of preparing fish, and how to stuff, dress, truss, and lard game and poultry. When he has mastered it all he is placed before the range, where he receives instruction in the various processes of broiling, frying, roasting, and baking.

On graduating from this department he passes under the control of the second cook, who reveals to him the mysteries of sauces and soups. The interest of this functionary in his pupil it is necessary to accelerate with liberal and frequent tips.

The student is then put in charge of the pastrycook, to whom he serves a long apprenticeship in all that pertains to the concoction of sweets, pastries, ices, and the like.

This completes his culinary education, and he is prepared to assume the rôle of a competent chef.

A PYTHON AS A PET.

A WELL-KNOWN traveller in his "Experiences in South Africa," says that he was once passing through a Dutch farm in the Transvaal, when he went up to the house to see if he could buy some eggs. In front of the door stood a large barrel.

"As I passed I carelessly tilted the barrel up to see what was underneath. I let it down again promptly. A big python was under it."



"The Dutchman told me that he had shot at it some months before, and wounded it slightly in the head, whereupon it seemed to become stupefied. He dragged it home, extracted its fangs, and little by little it had grown tame."

"The python, which measured sixteen feet, was allowed to crawl about the place at night and never attempted to get away nor to do any damage. In fact, the farmer found it useful

in killing rats and vermin. By day it was kept under the barrel."

"The children fed the snake and played with it. I saw one of the boys drag it out and pour two bottles of milk down its throat, and then give it six eggs. When the children teased it, it made a hissing noise, and reared upon its tail, but they never showed any sign of fear."

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Signature

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, May 22nd, 1896, until Mid night, Saturday, May 30th, 1896. (See column 3, page 763.)

PEARSON'S MAGAZINE—which reaches us as we go to press—has more than realised expectations in one respect: its process blocks are simply exquisite, and bid fair to leave "Harper's Magazine" as much in the wake as it used to be in the van. The stories in this number are especially good.—*Rosendale Gazette.*

The Final War.

The Story of the Great Betrayal.

BY LOUIS TRACY

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST F. SHERIE.

SUMMARY.

TIME, 1896. War declared against Great Britain by Germany and France, who endeavour to land their troops at Worthing but are repulsed by land and sea. Irene, daughter of Lord Eskdale is engaged to Captain Harrington; Lieutenant Rodney, of H.M.S. Magnificent, to Harrington's sister Ethel. Rodney is ordered to proceed to the Suez Canal, in command of the *Hornet*. He succeeds in blowing up the canal in order to prevent the French from seizing it. A great naval encounter between the allied Powers and the British results in the defeat of the former. Preparations are made for the invasion of France and Germany. Havre is chosen as the point of attack. An engagement follows in which Captain Harrington wins the V.C. The French are routed. Sir Evelyn Wood sets sail with his expedition for Germany. A small but powerful fleet under Sir Nowell Salmon engages the enemy at the mouth of the Kiel Canal. The English attack Stralsund and capture it from the rear. 200,000 English soldiers are on German soil. America remains neutral. The French are defeated at the battle of Yvetot. The allies fall back on Russian aid. Russia purposes the invasion of Britain, hoping thereby to draw the Indian Army and leave the road to the East clear. Admiral Fitzroy is compelled to leave Stralsund whilst Vice-Admiral Erskine is ordered to the Bristol Channel. A Russian fleet attacks Cardiff but is repulsed by the American Admiral Mahan on the plea of protecting American trading ships. America declares war against Germany, France, and Russia as an ally of England. Canada equips an Army corps of 100,000 men to assist England, and South Africa gathers 30,000 men for the same purpose. Sydney is attacked by a combined French and Japanese fleet, but is repulsed by Admiral Freemantle's squadron of nineteen ships.

Russia advances upon India. General Altkhanoff—in command of the 1st Army Corps—reaches the banks of the Helmund. Here the first encounter between Great Britain and Russia takes place. Russia is defeated. Simultaneously Captain Peyton of the 7th Lancashire sets out to capture the Transcaspian railway.

Meanwhile the critical moment arrives in the British campaign in France. Lord Roberts and General Massy are in command of the invading forces. General Sausier and General Mercier head 950,000 of the chosen troops of France. On June 2nd the battle commences.

First one side and then the other seem to have the upper hand. Rouen is attacked by the British and captured. The next day the French army surrenders unconditionally, and arrangements are at once made for the speedy transportation to England of this host of prisoners of war. In the United States an army is raised for service in Germany. The reader is introduced to Colonel Ritchie in General Smithson's command. The Anglo-American army prepares for its march on Berlin. An attack is made on Neumagister and an entrance effected. The two great armies spend for a fight. In the end a terrible engagement takes place. Attack after attack is delivered. For a time the issue hangs in the balance, but before the sun sets Prince Albert of Prussia's magnificent army is non-existent.

A band of lady nurses is formed by the Princess of Wales, and among the contingent which leaves for France are the Lady Irene and Ethel Harrington. An attack on the South of France is planned: Spain sides with England. Forthwith Turkey follows suit. The French are again defeated. Meanwhile the Nihilists are stirring popular feeling against the Tsar. Pochowski and Count Lucovitch hold a secret meeting in the former's house.

CHAPTER XLI. (continued).

Pochowski took from a cabinet at his side a bundle of papers and rapidly glanced through them.

"These are the reports handed to me as Supreme Head of the Nihilist Party," he said at last. "At the present moment there are 640,000 of Russia's bravest sons ready to take the field if called upon to vindicate their liberties. It needs but a word, and a vast host of indomitable spirits will swarm around the capital and crush it in their grip."

"What!" cried the Count, in tones of horror, "whilst the Tsar is thus beset?"

"Precisely, sir," exclaimed Pochowski in commanding tones. "The blow must be struck now or never. Can you conceive it possible that if the Tsar wins this infamous war, we shall ever again have such a chance, when the hand of despotism is strengthened and the champion of liberty is hurled to the dust? Let us by all means be patriots? But what is patriotism? It is to fight for the people, for their freedom, for the restitution of their manhood; not for tyranny and oppression, villainy and dishonour. Now is the moment of destiny. The whole world is fighting its great battle of independence. Do you think this is merely a squabble of nations, merely a bout between England and her foes? You cannot. It is a war of principles. Oppression is striving for universal despotism. Liberty is striving for universal peace, for the true brotherhood of man. If England is beaten, we are all beaten, humanity is beaten with her. The light of freedom goes out; man crawls back into his chains; the dungeon once more gapes open. Yes, in such a struggle mere selfish and narrow patriotism is swallowed up. We must side, not with Russia or with England, but with right or wrong, with peace or war, with liberty or servitude. And in such a moment are we, we of all men, who suffer most, who have most to gain, to throw in our strength with the forces of evil, and hurl back the splendid birth-hour of a universal freedom? No, Count, your heart is too generous to harbour such a thought. We call upon you to become our general in the field. To you is intrusted the task of leading an invincible army to certain victory in a holy cause."

Pochowski's eyes glowed as he spoke thus passionately, and a pallor came over the Count's face. He was visibly moved.

"All this I see and admit," he remarked after a pause. "But I am a soldier, and how can I side with the invaders of my own country? It is this that haunts and disturbs me. How can we, in the cause of Russia, call in Russia's foes?"

"I might reply," answered the other quietly, "that in freedom's cause it is both natural and usual. Did not England call Holland in to help her, and America, France? Nay, the Dutch, too, sought the armies of Germany, and Germany those of England. And who more fit to help us than the great nation which has made liberty her watchword and in the bulwark of humanity? But I will not urge such plans. Count, there is another point of view which I will lay before you."

"Ah! You have some scheme?"

"Let us be diplomats as well as soldiers," tranquilly replied Pochowski. "I will place before you the two only possibilities. I reject Russia's victory over England. You yourself cannot deny that, in such an event, our cause is lost for ever. Not we alone but the whole earth will groan in servitude. Such a prospect we cannot even glance at. Let us, I say, reject it. Now, in the first place, England may conquer the Tsar and his armies—I do not say Russia, for it will not be Russia. The true Russian secretly longs for England's victory. England may conquer—I say she must and will conquer—the Tsar's armies. She will sweep over our country and seize the capital. We shall be in the grip of a foreign nation. She will dictate her terms to us. Mind you, I do not fear that. I should welcome it, for I have confidence in England. She will give us our liberty. She will drive away the baneful breed of despots whose madness it is to believe themselves God-ordained autocrats of countless subjects. But how do you like such a situation? Would you prefer to have your rights given to you, not by yourself, or by your Tsar, but by a foreign power? Do you prefer that we shall be pensioners on the good will of an alien race?"

The Count ground his teeth, but made no other reply. Pochowski went on:

"Well, there is your prior alternative. You do not care for it. Exactly! I guessed so. Then what is left? Clearly the course I have been advocating. If we do not care to have our freedom given to us—thrown to us—we must take it ourselves. And how? It is simplicity itself. We must summon together all the forces that we have, rouse Russia to her heart, seize the Capital, dethrone the Tsar, and make ourselves masters of our own dominions. Having done that, we shall ourselves extend the hand of alliance to our invader, cancel the war, make our peace, give her indemnity, bid her retire, and then avoid the unlovely spectacle of our capital invested, and arrange terms of amnesty that shall be honourable to all. Is not that the only prudent—nay, the only noble—course that is open to us?"

Pochowski waited for a few moments whilst he allowed his words to sink into the heart of his hearer.

"But your Nihilist army," said the Count, after some reflection, "it is but a poor, ungoverned horde."

Pochowski smiled.

"You may be pardoned the belief, Count," he replied; "it is a mistake that is carefully cultivated. But do you really believe that these poor wretches who throw around bombs and assault innocent people are the heads and leaders of our great movement? Let me assure you that they are rebels to the cause rather than its guides. We cannot restrain misguided fanatics; there must always be some madmen in so great a multitude of oppressed. Nay, we cannot even direct and be certain of them. There may yet be outrage. But it is abhorrent and abominable to me, to all our officers, to the great mass of our people, and, above all, to the cause. Believe me, that neither the People's Right nor the People's Will* dominate our movement. It is in high quarters, amongst men of rank and position, amongst our officers, wherever true greatness of soul animates a clear intelligence, that you must seek our leaders. When the time comes you will be amazed. Your neighbour to right and to left, your superior officer, your intimate friend, the nobleman whose patronage you seek—all will be found staunch and courageous champions of the cause. The real chivalry of Russia is on our side."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed the Count amazed. "Do you mean that the Count itself is so deeply tinged by it?"

"Wait!" was Pochowski's reply, and he smiled grimly as he spoke. "You will see, when the moment comes, how pitifully isolated, how tragically alone, is the race of the Romanoffs. There are those upon their side, we will grant—a few fanatics like themselves, some trained to the hateful and insidious lie which supports a despot's throne, most mere office-bearers and self-seekers, petty tyrants whose power is part of the greater power we seek to destroy. But when the hour of danger is at hand, how many of these will stand by and give their lives for a hopeless cause?"

The Count rose and paced the room, and as he moved the watchful eyes of his host followed him. At length he turned, and, approaching Pochowski, said:

"Either way there is something that is distasteful. But it may be that personal pride, perhaps even personal honour, must yield to a greater principle. I have heard your arguments and admit them. I will do what you say. I will command your army, and will even lay hands upon His Majesty. But upon one condition. It is that there must be no swerving from the policy you have outlined. We, the people of Russia, shall fight our own battle of liberty, and then, supreme in our own capital, bid England retire. We will grant what terms she demands. But it must be our defence that we would ourselves spare Russia the degradation of a hostile investment, and—since our government is so mad as to seek our own humiliation—that we throw it aside the better to protect the honour of our native land."

These words, spoken with quiet dignity, moved his hearer. Rising to his feet, Pochowski held out his hand.

"May I die the death of a traitor and be despised of all men," he said, "if I am guilty of thought, word, or deed that is dishonourable to the true cause of patriotism."

* The names of the two democratic parties of Russia.

The two men gripped each other's hands. Each was affected by the tragedy of this solemn dedication.

"It is one of the greatest moments of the world's history. So must Brutus and Cassius have felt when they swore alliance for the death of Caesar!" It was the Count who spoke.

"I accept the omen!" cried Pochowski. "So may the new Caesar be overthrown, and no new Anthony undo our work. But our hour is up. You must come with me. Henceforth we shall have little time for speech."

The two officers descended the stairs, and, entering a carriage already awaiting them, drove rapidly off.

"Conspiracy does not always conceal itself!" declared the Count almost gaily.

"Conspiracy that conceals itself," observed Pochowski, "acknowledges itself already beaten. We are safe because we are too transparent. If you wish to avoid detection, do not shun the policeman; make love to his daughter!"

Thus jesting, they passed through some of the spacious streets of the Capital, until they reached a noble house, palatial in size, and buried amongst trees already heavy with summer foliage.

The Count started.

"Duke Paul's!" he exclaimed in amazed tones.

Pochowski nodded.

"He cannot help us, but he is with us. Blood ties cannot be rudely broken. But he is a generous patriot, and throws around us his protection. Do you not know that through his influence alone our great teacher, Tolstoi, has escaped persecution?"

The Count looked further mystified. But he made no reply. In a few moments they had entered.

Without delaying, Pochowski and his companion pressed forward, and passing through a door at the end of the passage, descended into a spacious apartment, where, scattered around in little groups, sat a score or so of men.

They rose to their feet as the President entered, and, as they observed the Count, exchanged looks of mutual satisfaction.

Proceeding to a raised chair at the end of the room, and keeping the Count by his side, Pochowski called upon the delegates assembled to make their statements.

It appeared that European Russia was divided into twenty-eight districts, each of which had several subdivisions. In every district was a Nihilist officer of repute, whose duty it was to keep himself accurately informed of

the number and strength of the multitude under his control. He was unknown to any save the sub-officers, and his sympathy with the popular party had never created a moment's suspicion in the minds of the bureaucracy. On this fateful day, summoned by urgent messages, they assembled to report themselves and to deliberate on the great step that was about to be taken.

Each in turn rose and made his brief speech. And every speech was as satisfactory as it was terse. It appeared that there were, in all, nearly 700,000 sturdy enthusiasts ready when called upon to take the field. Some of them had been trained in war, many had been exercised in drill and with the rifle. Animated by a fierce indomitable spirit of patriotic ardour, they formed a superb army which, distracted by a double invasion, the Tsar would find difficult, nay impossible, to withstand.

"You have made it clear," demanded Pochowski, when they had done, "that there is to be no outrage, no individual violence, no private revenge? And you have forbidden dynamite and such brutal instruments of carnage?"

There was a common assurance of this.

"I have done all I can," observed one (he was President of the Moscow District), "but I guarantee nothing. There are fanatics who will promise anything, but can never be trusted. Moscow," he added significantly, "has suffered much from the Imperial scourge."

"It is instant death to anyone who violates the strict rule of war," replied Pochowski sternly, and his brow became overcast. "Meanwhile, I have the pleasant tidings to impart that Count Lucovitch has consented to take supreme command in the field. He will meet you here to-morrow and give you full instructions. The blow must be struck at once."

There was a murmur of approval at this intelligence, and the officers pressed round the Count, whose knowledge of military tactics was held in high regard, and congratulated him upon the noble part he had consented to play in the liberation of his country.

"It is not altogether with a glad heart, gentlemen," he responded; "but I cannot oppose my private feelings to the supreme considerations that are before us. We shall at least be allies of England and not dependants. Our cause is the same. We fight for the liberation of Russia, and she for the liberation of the world."

In another hour's time, after some consultation and much anxious questioning, the two Nihilist chiefs drove off. Neither of them slept that night. Until early the next morning they were deep in discussion and in the examination of charts and reports and in searching criticism of the position. Before St. Petersburg rose for its breakfast its fate was determined.

And thus, when England was hurling her splendid armies upon the shores of Russia, a terrible and irresistible danger grew to monstrous maturity in the very heart of the empire, and the grim shadow of fate was creeping upon the throne itself.



It was a situation worthy of the Greek tragedian. Whilst exultant despotism, arrogant in its supremacy, was stretching out its hand for its final crown, its doom was already pronounced and its end prepared.

Dramatic irony such as this Sophocles himself would have appreciated.

CHAPTER XLII.

RODNEY BECOMES AN ADMIRAL.

EARLY in July the leading detachments of the Indian army began to reach Uzun Ada, and the Naval Brigade was hurried forward among the first arrivals.

Rodney was now in command of this small party of three hundred sailors, as the senior officer originally selected for the post had the misfortune to fall ill shortly after the defeat of Alihanoff on the banks of the Helmund.

Sir George White, the Commander-in-Chief, and his staff also travelled rapidly to the front, as the wholly unexpected success of Peyton's operations in Transcaspiad had changed the aspect of affairs very materially. The government of India had always contemplated the possibility of rudely upsetting Russia's preponderance in Central Asia, but the idea of marching the Indian Army to Moscow was generally regarded as a fantastic dream which must be utterly subjugated to the practical project of breaking down the Muscovite gowg on the northern confines of Afghanistan.

But the seizure of the Transcaspiad Railway, and Applin's remarkable capture of nearly every available steamship on the Caspian, had altered the entire position.

Not only was Russia compelled to marshal her first line of defence to meet the British attack on the Black Sea littoral, but her Caucasian army was unable to cross the Caspian to attempt the reconquest of the lost provinces, and it now became a matter of choice between developing the movement from India into a determined effort to penetrate to the capital, and quietly consolidating resources around Merv and on the Oxus, to await the outcome of events in European Russia.

In view of these two courses it was plain that Sir George White and his men were inclined to the more audacious one.

Rodney was in Uzun Ada two days before the Commander-in-Chief, and he lost no time in examining the fleet. There were, in all, seventeen steamships, for which petroleum supplied the motive power. But they were small, with limited deck capacity, and, at the utmost stretch of accommodation, barely capable of bringing 10,000 men across the Caspian.

This inland sea, too, is liable to severe and unheralded storms, so that to crowd men into the wretched native craft that swarmed in the harbour, attracted thither by the news that troubles were now unusually plentiful, was to court disaster, whilst to attempt to occupy Baku with a force meant absolute annihilation at the hands of Russia's best troops, the army of the Caucasus.

Rodney knew that the problem, tough as it was, must be solved somehow. He found Applin to be a congenial spirit, and discussed it with him. As the result, they went on a tour of inspection to the timber-yards and locomotive shops.

When Sir George White arrived he sent for Rodney.

"Well, sir," he said genially to Frank, "now that you are the Admiral, I must ask you how you propose to carry my army across to the other side."

"At the end of six days," said Rodney, "I will be able to land 100,000 men simultaneously at any point you may select within about thirty-six hours from the time of departure from this port."

"What?" shouted the Commander-in-Chief, astounded at this reply. "Surely it is impossible. They can't swim there, you know."

The sailor modestly declaimed any such flight of genius as was suggested by the retort. He explained that there were eighty engines at present gathered on the sidings at Uzun Ada, together with 2,000 waggons. There was an ample supply of timber available elsewhere, and he believed that by utilising the labour of every man in the place, something like forty gigantic rafts could be rapidly knocked together, whilst two engines per raft might be converted, with equal ease, into a modified form of the American rear-driving paddle-wheel principle. Each raft would hold 2,000 men with stores. They would be fitted with sweeps to eke out the steam power, and the steamers would accompany them to safeguard against accident. The remainder of the troops could go on the steamships, and in the best of the native craft, but very few horses could be taken in the first expedition.

Rodney came to the interview prepared with plans and estimates of labour, and five minutes after the Commander-in-Chief was made fully acquainted with the details he accorded his hearty approval to the proposal, and the naval officer was given *carte blanche* with regard to men and money.

As the work went on it was deemed desirable to reduce the number of troops to 75,000, and to increase the space for horses and guns. Never stranger craft navigated the sea than these ingeniously constructed rafts, which when fully loaded were almost submerged. But the locomotives, fired fore and aft, were placed on elevated platforms, and the first experiments showed that with steam alone a speed of two miles an hour was obtainable, whilst with long sweeps, each manned by twenty strong-armed soldiers, this rate of progress was almost doubled.

Tommy revelled in the congenial task of christening these giant monsters. Officially, they were known by numbers, but this suited not the eclectic taste of the "swaddy."

Thus, No. 1 was called "Sudden Death," because a structural weakness at one end caused the sensational

disappearance of an engine into the depths of the Caspian during the trial trip. No. 2 became "Lady Godiva," on account of a certain simplicity in outline which was found to be most convenient after experiment had shown the faults of the first construction. Nos. 5 and 7, built side by side, were dubbed respectively "Caster" and "Poleaxe."

"Admiral" Rodney hoisted his flag on the *Samarband*, the largest and most powerful of the Baku-Uzun Ada fleet, and it was a proud moment for him when he led the gigantic procession of ships, rafts, and dhows through the tortuous entrance channel and out into the open sea.

Everyone believed that an attack was to be made on Baku.

An unwonted degree of openness was manifested by Sir George White in discussing the possibilities of effecting a surprise during the hours of darkness by an unexpected landing in that neighbourhood, and the imprisoned officers of the Caspian steamers were closely questioned as to the conformation of the coast-line and the main features of the approach by water, with the possibilities of defence.

There was consequently much perturbation when it was discovered, on the morning of July 27th, the day fixed upon for the sailing of the expedition, that a steam launch had been mysteriously cut from her moorings in the night and was now well on her way to Baku, with half-a-dozen Russian officers on board.

The people who seemed to care least about the occurrence were those primarily responsible for it.

Sir George White and Rodney were supremely indifferent to the obvious fact that, thus forewarned, the Grand Duke Paul would make it very hot indeed for the invaders, but this nonchalant attitude was somewhat explained when the troops saw the sun rise over the waste of waters after their first night on the rafts, and found that instead of sailing due west to Baku they were heading north-west to Petrovsk.

"We are a lot of silly jossers," said the humble philosopher of the Royal Fusiliers whom we met before at Karachi. "Anybody with a grain of sense could ha' seen that we shouldn't land on the south side of the Cowkyrus. We're a-going to Mosky we are, an' it ain't likely we'd stick a lot of bloomin' mountings in the way when we can sail round 'em. There's no flies on Sir George, is there?"

There were no flies on Private Watson either. He had correctly read the Commander-in-Chief's strategy, and at dawn on the following morning he and the rest of the 7th, with some Ghurkas and Bengal Infantry, occupied two lively hours in clearing Petrovsk of the few Russian troops who held it.

The work of disembarkation proceeded rapidly. As fast as regiments landed they were hurried forward through the town to occupy a low range of foot hills through which ran the line to Moscow, Petrovsk being the terminus of that railway on the north of the Caucasian range.

It was well that great energy was shown in the matter as the Russians, though taken by surprise, bravely strove to remedy their mistake, and it was clear, from the rapid concentration of troops that was going on some few miles inland, that a determined assault would be delivered on the British at the earliest possible moment.

It came, hotly enough, during the afternoon.

The Russian general in command at Vladivostok carried up some 20,000 infantry, three regiments of Cossacks, and fifty guns, and dashed at the English position with great intrepidity.

So severe and determined was the assault that it changed the character of the struggle. Reinforcements were arriving on both sides, but it was far easier for the Russians to hasten up their supports than for the Indian army, with inadequate landing places, without cranes or steam power on shore, and delayed by the unwieldy nature of the rafts in a shallow harbour abounding in sand-spits—distant also some miles from the scene of the encounter—to strengthen the fighting line.

From the beginning of hostilities the advance division was outnumbered. It suffered terribly from the fact that the Russian guns were unopposed by artillery, and Sir George White, who conducted the defensive operations in person, was devoutly thankful when Colonel Doyne's brigade of cavalry appeared in the rear.

This consisted, it will be remembered, of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, the 5th Lancers, the 2nd Bengal Lancers, and the 7th Bengal Cavalry.

The afternoon was well advanced as they came up at the trot, but the blazing sun still rode high in the heavens, and the drifting sand-clouds obscured everything in the front, except that through the murky air occasional puffs of smoke and deep red jets of flame showed where the devastating guns of the enemy were located.

After a weary plod through the sands, Colonel Doyne wisely relegating the pace to a walk, the troopers reached the right of the fighting line.

The sun at last set over the distant hills in a deep crimson glow, but the dust still rising over the scene rendered any intelligible idea of what was going on impossible to the newcomers.

The Royal Fusiliers and the Hampshire Regiment were at this moment bearing the brunt of the attack, both regiments being in extended order, with the 5th Ghurkas and the 2nd Bengal Infantry in support.

The Russians kept up a furious cannonade, firing salvoes of six guns with shrapnel, and Colonel Mortimer, of the Fusiliers, who commanded the fighting line, sent word to Sir George White that he could only hold his position and attack the enemy's skirmishers, whilst an advance was out of the question.

The Commander-in-Chief dispatched an aide-de-camp to acquaint Colonel Doyne with the position of affairs, and to ask him if he thought his brigade could silence the guns.

The cavalry commander answered with a smile: "I will try." He at once gave the necessary orders for the performance of his desperate plan, which was to deliver an unexpected attack upon the enemy's right—this, too, during the uncertainty of darkness, and against unknown odds.

The brigade moved quietly off without attracting Russian notice, and they were soon completely hidden from view by the undulating ground.

With the sudden change peculiar to the region darkness was now fast setting in, although but little more than an hour previously the sun was visible. The moon rose soon after, and there was something inexpressibly weird in the strange spectacle of the dark mass of men and horses, silently advancing through the now almost insupportable dust-clouds, whilst through an occasional rift a bright steel scabbard or glittering curb-chain would gleam for an instant.

Meanwhile the noise and turmoil and lurid blaze of the conflict raging on the left only became more fearful in their intensity.

At last the brigade crossed the intervening ridge, having gained the position desired by Colonel Doyne, and as the dense body of moving cavalry showed against the bright background of moonlit sky and arid earth they were perceived by the enemy.

Directly in front, and about three-quarters of a mile away, were the guns, and as soon as the Russians became aware of the existence of a British force in this new direction they devoted all their attention to the movement. Twenty guns quickly changed front and shells soon screamed through the air, shrapnel exploded and sent its missiles tearing and hissing on all sides, whilst the numerous tiny flashes in the enemy's lines, followed by the pinging sound of the bullets, showed that their infantry were at work. Fortunately the Russian aim was high, and the brigade took ground to the right to still further disconcert it. But the advance could no longer be delayed, for by this time Colonel Mortimer must be hard pressed in his difficult position.

As the brigade moved forward, the Russian artillerymen again saw them, and now the enemy's fire became more fatal, for men and horses began to drop out of the ranks. The cavalry advanced in echelon from the left, preceded by the 2nd Bengal Lancers, and, under cover of these, the 4th Dragoon Guards and the 5th Lancers formed to deliver their charge with the 7th Bengal Cavalry in support.

Colonel J. S. Chisholme, of the 5th Lancers, the brigade major, passed the thrilling words along the line:

"The cavalry are to charge those guns."

As this order was repeated from squadron to squadron, these gallant soldiers straightened their stalwart figures in the saddle, and set their teeth hard, as they looked at the seething cauldron of fire and smoke into which they were shortly to plunge. Even the very horses felt that some desperate deed was imminent, for they pawed impatiently and clanked their accoutrements in the wild desire to be moving. Fatigue, hunger, and thirst vanished to the winds.

If there came to that band memories of home and friends, they were banished by the proud consciousness that the honour of England was entrusted to their keeping at that supreme moment. Each man knew that the lives of his struggling countrymen in the main body depended upon his success, and he thought with rage of the dear comrade who, five minutes ago, was riding carelessly by his side, but who now lay rolling in the agonies of death upon Russian soil.

Captain Adams, of the 5th Lancers, was adjusting the chin-strap of his helmet when a voice behind him said:

"It's a warm shop here, sir!"

Turning in the saddle, he saw his soldier servant, a sturdy Yorkshireman named Bolland, who hailed from his own parish—grinning at him from the front rank of the troop.

"You here, Bolland?" said the Captain sternly, for his faithful comrade was supposed to be sick in hospital from a slight attack of fever. "You had no business to be on parade to-night."

"No business, sir! Do you think I would stop behind when the regiment was going into action? Lor' bless you, sir, no fear!"

This reply was unanswerable, and now everyone felt that the period of waiting had passed, for Colonel Doyne rode rapidly to the front of the brigade.

The shot and shell were falling fast on all sides. It was a curiously helpless sensation to be so hotly fired at in the dark. Two officers in the 2nd Bengal Lancers instinctively reined their horses close together whilst they exchanged a friendly hand pressure.

"Hope to meet you at the mess to-night," said one.

"Same to you, old chap, and a Happy New Year when it comes," was the cool response.

Then Colonel Doyne's voice rang out clearly through the gloom:

"Now we have them! Trot—gallop—charge!"

The last word electrified every pulse like a galvanic shock:

(To be continued.)

£2 2s.

is paid for Original Articles contributed to Pearson's Weekly. Stamps must in every case accompany manuscripts which, if unsuitable, will otherwise be destroyed.

The *Detroit Free Press* quaintly observes: "Those who are on the look-out for a quiet, orderly, clean, healthy seaside resort at which to spend the length of time up to twenty years cannot do better than read the article in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE dealing with life in Portland Prison. The review is said to be grand, the air bracing, the food simple but wholesome, and those who frequent the place get free board and lodgings."

FICTION.

A SPRING SONG.

O DEAR and gentle spring
I sing
With gladsome, mirthful glee
To see
You on the wing.
My mind
Hath pined
For your return—
A yearn
Full 18 carats strong—
Proportionately long.
Not that I love the lassitude
With which my spirit is imbued
When you come on the scene,
With grasses green;
Not that I love your most unpleasant way
Of sprinkling hot and cold throughout the day;
Your beastly plan
Of aggravating man
By sending winter when he's dressed for heat,
And making things red-hot when he fears sleet;
Not that I love one of your fads untold,
But I rejoice because you bring me gold.
For I'm a chemist keen, and o'er the counter take
A shilling for a pill it costs a sou to make,
Which tired-feeling people buy when you appear,
Which neither harms, nor cures, but much allays their fear.

And so, O spring,
I sing
With gladsome glee
To see
You on the wing.

AN INCIDENT IN A FUTURE CAMPAIGN.—"To what am I indebted for the honour of this call?"

It was Mrs. Ellen Mary Ricketts who spoke. She held in her hand the card of Mrs. Eliza Jenkinson, which had just been laid on her desk by the office-girl, for the card was followed almost instantly by the entrance of the person whose name it bore.

There was really no necessity for the use of the card, either, for the two had frequently met.

Mrs. Ricketts was the candidate for Parliament on the Unionist side while Mrs. Jackson was the Radical nominee. Under the circumstances it was natural for her to be surprised at receiving a call from her opponent.

"I came to see you on a small matter of business," observed the visitor.

"Pray proceed."

"I have learned, from good authority, that your agents are bent upon a campaign of personalities, and that they intend to give to the press certain slanderous gossip about me, calculated to injure my candidature."

The speaker paused, and Mrs. Ricketts said, interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson, "we must keep personalities out of the campaign."

"We must, must we?"

"We must."

Mrs. Ricketts sneered.

Mrs. Jenkinson waxed wroth.

"Look here, Mary Ellen Ricketts," she exclaimed, "don't you dare to turn up your snub nose at me, now."

"Eliza Jenkinson," retorted Mrs. Ricketts, "my nose is not a snub, and don't you dare to presume to dictate what my agents shall or shall not do in this campaign."

"We'll see about that, Mary Ellen Ricketts; you were engaged to my husband in your young days, a good many years ago."

"I'm not nearly as old as you, I'd have you know."

"You are!"

"I'm not, you insulting thing!"

"You are!"

"I'm not!"

"We will pass that point, but I want to say that when I married my husband, all your love-letters were still in his possession, and I have them now."

"You spiteful thing!"

"Many a good laugh I have had over them. What a perfect goose you were!"

"I just hate you, so there?"

"And I merely wish to add that on the very first publication of a personality about me in your newspaper organs, I shall print in the DAILY BUGLE every single one of you lackadaisical epistles. Do you understand?"

The two women glared at each other a half-minute, and then Mrs. Jenkinson withdrew, leaving Mrs. Mary Ricketts deep in thought.

The campaign was conducted without any personalities.

ETIQUETTE FOR TWO.—Jerry (sulkily): "You're uncommonly cool to-night."

Kitty (in a fascinating spirit of mischief): "Oh, no; I am simply behaving well. I have been reading 'Etiquette for Young Ladies,' by Aunt Margery. Young ladies should not receive gentlemen alone."

Jerry (glowering): "No?"

Kitty: "No. Ben and Clara are out, but papa and mamma and George will be down in a minute."

Jerry (with strong displeasure): "Indeed?"

Kitty: "You may go and lay your hat on the hall rack; or you may hold it."

Jerry: "Don't trouble yourself, pray."

Kitty: "Oh, I don't mean to. It is not proper for a young lady to dispose of a gentleman's hat. It is only a shade less improper than helping him on with his overcoat."

Jerry (with heavy gloom): "You've always done that for me."

Kitty: "I blush to think of it. Aunt Margery would have been horrified beyond expression if she had seen me. But the worst thing, positively the most shocking, is going to the door with a gentleman when he takes leave."

Jerry (with sundry sweet recollections, savagely): "I am gratified to hear it."

Kitty: "I knew you would be. Aunt Margery says so, and she knows. I am so glad I have learned how to behave well. I shall endeavour not to forget anything. I wonder where papa and mamma and George are? It is so improper for me to be alone here with you?" (Lapses into a stiff and wrathful silence.)

Jerry (brightening, after a wrathful five minutes): "I was going to remark that I have been reading 'Etiquette for Young Gentlemen.'"

Kitty: "Yes."

Jerry: "Yes. By Uncle Charlie. It is very instructive. The chapter on 'The Correct Way to Propose' is especially interesting."

Kitty (suspiciously): "It must be."

Jerry: "Yes. I read it most attentively. Of course styles change, but it seems the proper and prevailing way at present is to join the young lady on the sofa—like this, you know—"

Kitty (in trepidation): "You—"

Jerry: "The young lady isn't supposed to speak at this stage of the proceedings. You next pass your arm gently, but firmly, round the waist of the young lady, just above the line of the belt—in this manner—and—"

Kitty: "Mr. Brooks!"

Jerry: "And bestow upon her an affectionate pressure like this, at the same instant smoothing her hair with your unoccupied hand."

Kitty: "Jerry!"

Jerry: "Being careful, of course, not to displace her hairpins. Having proceeded thus far in safety, you are given a choice of two methods, both perfectly correct. You may express your sentiments in a chaste formula of a few polished phrases—"

Kitty: "Jerry Brooks!"

Jerry: "But I have forgotten the formula. The other method is simpler and more effective. You kiss the young lady with sincerity and ardour—something like this—and she will, of course, return the caress with equal warmth. This will signify acceptance with thanks. So Uncle Charlie says. Details as to parents' consent, date of ceremony, etc., may be settled at leisure. Where are your father and mother and George? I'd like to see them."

Kitty (indistinctly, because of the close pressure of her nose against his shoulder): "You impudent boy!"

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE CASE.—"You ought to take some rest," said the sympathetic friend. "Can't you go fishing, or something like that?"

"Well," replied Mr. Weary, "I'm going duck-hunting pretty soon."

"Where?"

"Up Regent Street. My wife has seen a duck of a bonnet that I have to go in pursuit of."

An Easy Way To Earn ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

At the right-hand top corner of the front page of P.W. will be found a coupon. This coupon will appear every week during the whole of 1896. It will also appear every week in *Short Stories* during the same period.

Procure as many of these coupons as you possibly can. Paste them on to slips of paper, or neatly into a book.

To the person who collects the most coupons during 1896 the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS will be given.

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ONE HUNDRED POUNDS is a big sum to earn for, say, an hour's work a week, fifty-two hours in the year, six working days at eight and a half hours a day.

No coupons are to be sent to us until January 1st, 1897. Keep them safely till then.

All coupons are of equal value.

FACTS.

AMONG the English nobility 19 per cent. are childless.

NEARLY £300,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

THERE are two violet farms in the United States, both managed entirely by women.

A TOILET club for dogs has been established in Bond Street, London, where dogs may be shaved, washed, and beautified.

It has been calculated that the actual amount of salt contained in the ocean would cover an area of five million square miles with a layer one mile thick.

THE cross mark, still used occasionally instead of a signature, did not originate in ignorance. It was always appended to signatures in mediæval times, as an attestation of good faith.

THE Sultan of Morocco keeps a large number of live lions about his premises, and in the evening these animals are let loose in the courtyards of the palace to act as guards to the royal harem.

THREE-TENTHS of the earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his term of imprisonment. Some of them thus save more money in jail than they have ever saved before.

A BARBER'S college has been founded in New York, where young men and women are taught how to shave other people. It advertises for subjects, and hundreds of men go to the school for free shaves.

THE biggest gold nugget known was found in 1869 some forty miles north of Ballarat, and was named, "Welcome, Stranger"—a very appropriate designation. It weighed a hundred and eighty-four pounds, and represented over £9,500 in value.

A CRUEL custom prevails on the death of a prince of the royal family of Austria. His horse, covered with a black cloth, follows the funeral, limping painfully. The lameness is caused by driving a nail through one shoe, and is intended to typify the animal's sorrow.

It is a whole day's task for two men to fell a mahogany tree. On account of the spurs which project from the base of the trunk, a scaffold has to be erected and the tree cut off above the spurs, leaving thus a stump of the very best wood from ten to fifteen feet high.

THE Lord Chancellor of England is never allowed under any circumstances to make a journey which involves a sea voyage, however short the passage. He is supposed to have the great seal in his immediate keeping, day and night, under all circumstances, and its safety is not to be risked.

FROG hunting is now prohibited by law in Belgium. The Belgian hunters, however, continue their amphibious occupation in Holland, and from the Sas-van-Gent have recently sent in one half day as many as 20,000 frogs' legs on ice to Paris. These delicacies fetch between from two pence to four pence apiece, and some of the hunters find the calling very remunerative.

A NEW feminine employment, which requires skill and cleverness rather than means, is the dressing of fashion dolls for shop windows. A woman with real taste can thus find scope for her talent in designing pretty costumes for little figures, which must be just as elegant in every detail as the full-sized ones. The models are about fifteen inches high, and accurately represent the latest fashions.

THERE are more Jersey cows in America than there are in Jersey, and yet there are more cows in Jersey than in any other similar area. England has twenty cows to every hundred acres. Jersey has fifty-eight; but, then, every farm there has its cows, and the farms are small, ranging from three to fifty acres, the reason being that the old Norman laws that still prevail in the island prevent the accumulation of property, and insist on its distribution among the family in such a way that it cannot be dealt with without the consent of the most distant relatives.

No fewer than five systems of law are in use in Germany. In moving from one place to another, tourists are often greatly puzzled when they find that an act perfectly allowable in one State is a crime in another. A still greater confusion often results when the right of property is concerned. Such cases are by no means infrequent, owing to the large number of persons living under each law; 18,000,000 people are governed by the Prussian code, 2,500,000 by the Saxon, 7,500,000 by the French civil code, 14,000,000 by the German commercial code, the modernised form of Roman law, and 500,000 by the Scandinavian law. It is proposed to substitute a new code, the draft of which has just been completed after five years' work, for all the older laws.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to June 25th, 1896, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accidents to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 759.

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

The slowest excursion train becomes an express when reading SHORT STORIES!

IS THERE ANYTHING NEW?

"How fallacious some of these proverbs are," remarked the sagacious man. "Take, for example, that one about there being nothing new under the sun."
"Is there anything really new?" said his wife.
"Of course there is. Don't you read the papers? Don't these 'X' rays enable you to take a man and see right through him?"
"Yes, William, dear," she answered gently; "but any woman could do that before 'X' rays were even thought of."

UNDRESSED BY LIGHTNING.

Those who may at one time or another have been drenched in a thunderstorm and experienced the dangers of lightning may read with interest the following true story of the recent adventures of three men:

They took shelter from a thunderstorm under a pollard willow. A flash of lightning struck the tree, and took in one man. It did not injure him in the least, but threw him down and violently stripped off his clothes, which were hurled a distance of twenty yards.

The explanation given is that the clothes were stripped from the man by lightning just as bark is stripped from a tree. The discharge finds a moist passage down between the bark and the trunk, converting the moisture into steam, and thus blowing off the bark.

It is supposed that the man's clothes had become drenched by the rain, and by a similar generation of steam there had been an explosion severe enough to rend his things from him and throw him to the ground. Fortunately for him, his wet clothes had formed a better conductor than his own body.

HOW TO ESCAPE IMPRISONMENT.

"PRISONER, you are charged with aggravated assault and battery. How do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"
"Not guilty, your worship."

"Do I understand that you deny having hit the plaintiff over the head with your cane, knocking him down, rolling him in the gutter, stamping on him, and ill-treating him in the manner charged in the indictment?"

"No, your worship, I don't deny that; but I claim that I had ample provocation, and that the retaliation I took was perfectly justifiable."

"Indeed! What was the provocation?"

"Why, your worship, the plaintiff had just returned from Henrietta Street, and he bragged that he had bought the last copy of *Peabson's Magazine*, that the number was now entirely out of print, and I could not get a copy for love or money."

"Is this statement true?" asked the magistrate in a stern voice, turning to the plaintiff.

"Yes," was the admission in a shame-faced manner.

"Then the case need go no farther. Prisoner, you are discharged. The costs are placed on the complainant."

A TURTLE WORTH £100 A YEAR.

"SPEAKING of curious customs," said a shopkeeper to a P.W. man, "one of the strangest I ever heard of was the renting out of a live turtle for green turtle soup. Yes, sir, I mean renting out, so you needn't stare at me. There used to be one old turtle that for many weeks brought in his owner a steady income, all because of the popularity of soup that went under that name."

"You know the dozens of little restaurants that put out a big, glaring sign every once in a while, 'Green turtle soup to-morrow.' Well, to make that turtle soup a drawing card it is necessary to put a live turtle on his back by the door, directly under the placard, the presumption on the part of the public being that this very animal will the next day be converted into the popular delicacy advertised."

"Now, genuine turtles are expensive, and these little restaurants do a small trade and make only a small living for the proprietor, at the best. Any quantity of the green turtle soup advertised is not green turtle at all, only a tasty mixture made out of veal, delicately flavoured. But the live turtle outside the day before is needed, and that was where my friend came in."

"He had a famous old turtle that he affectionately called 'Tom,' and he quickly saw the chance of turning an honest penny with him. Going round to two or three of the cheap restaurants that liked to placard green turtle, he broached his project to them, offering 'Tom' to each at the price of six shillings a day. The idea took, and each morning the turtle would be delivered, put on his back in a warm corner outside, and the old placard dusted and hung up. The next day customers would crowd the little room to eat what they were sure was green turtle soup, and 'Tom' would be doing duty in the same way in front of a restaurant half-a-dozen streets away."

"Soon that turtle was regularly engaged for five days in the week, and his master made a good thing of it, on a small scale of course."

NEW AND STRANGE.

ELECTRICITY has lately been applied in the cure of stammering with complete success.

A TINY electric light fastened to the end of a pencil is a recent invention to enable reporters to make notes in darkness, and late diners to find that the top step is always the highest.

A NEW use has been discovered for hops, namely, the curing of bacon. It is found that a sprinkling of hops in the brine when bacon and hams are put in pickle adds greatly to the flavour of both, and enables them to be kept an indefinite period.

A NOVELTY in modern scientific research is the means by which wind may be measured by its sound. The whistling of the wind as it crosses a wire varies with the velocity, and this can be computed from the pitch of the note observed in case of a given diameter of wire, and for a given air temperature.

IN preparation for next winter an Italian has invented a snow-melting machine. In this machine a lift receives the snow gathered up by a shovel, subjects it to the heat of pipes filled with boiling water and allows the liquid thus obtained to flow into a tank and then into the street gutter. The machine is driven by a motor and a brush at the rear sweeps to the side whatever escapes the shovel.

A PORTABLE crematory for military purposes has been invented by a Polish engineer. It has the appearance of an army baking oven, but is much higher and heavier, and is drawn by eight horses. It is intended for the disposal of the bodies of soldiers killed in battle, so as to avoid the danger of epidemics from the burial of great numbers of men. Each German army corps, it is said, will be equipped with one.

OIL burners, on a system invented by an engineer named Cuniberti, have been put into all the new Italian war ships and have also been adopted by the German Government. The fuel used is not crude petroleum, but petroleum residuum, which is more economical and has the advantage of not producing smoke when burnt. The British Admiralty is now experimenting with liquid fuel in the new fast cruiser *Gladiator*.

DUTCH fishermen make astonishing catches by means of the following very simple plan: They put a number of live worms and insects in a bottle partially filled with water, and then cork it securely. The bottle is dropped into the water, the fisherman sinking his lines alongside. It appears that the sight of the wriggling contents of the bottle so excites the appetite of the finny tribes that they fall easy victims to the baited hooks.

M. HENRY, a French savant of the school of higher studies, has revealed the power of sulphate of zinc to absorb sunlight and give it back in the dark. A powder produced from this mineral gives a soft luminosity to a fair young face. A cyclist dusted all over with the same material is in himself a lamp on a pitch dark night. Damp will not spoil the effect. Rain is incapable of diminishing its brightness. There is even a windowless room in Paris thus illuminated with a soft glow like a brilliant flood of moonlight.

A MACHINE is now in operation at the University of New York known as the pendulant chronoscope. By means of this a series of experiments are being made in measuring the brains of children and charts are drawn out giving the results. A child is shown a shutter and told to press a button as soon as the shutter drops. The interval between the pressing of the button and the dropping of the shutter, shows how quickly the child can respond to an optical impression, and, consequently how smart it is. The charts show that boys average better than girls in brightness and general capability.

THERE is nothing harder in this world to carve than ducks—especially ducks which are not exactly infants. A Parisian has invented a little appliance which does away with the necessity of putting one's foot on the table or going to any other extremity. This instrument is composed of a long curved blade to which a very much shorter blade is fastened in scissor fashion. This will permit one to carve the creature—duck, chicken, or whatever it may call itself—properly, with dignity, and with a certain amount of celerity. With such an instrument there is not the smallest difficulty in severing joints and clipping small bones. All of which is good.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of *PEABSON'S WEEKLY* wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.

GRATUITOUS ADVICE.

SHE was a fine specimen of humanity, and her husband was a little martinet who fussed about giving orders right and left.

He had bullied the cabman, and in vain did she try to keep him from making himself ridiculous.

"If you take my advice, ma'am," said Jehu solemnly, as he whipped up his fiery steed, "if you take my advice, ma'am, you'll sell him and buy a husband with part of the money."

WOMEN WHO DRESS BADLY.

LITERARY DAMES OFFEND MOST IN THIS RESPECT.

It is strange that nearly all literary women dress badly. Mrs. Campbell-Praed and Mrs. Stannard are two brilliant exceptions. Mrs. Praed wears gowns of the most *recherche* description. In the evening she affects rich, delicate brocades. Her gowns are cut in a simple fashion, but they are always rather *d'collet*. Mrs. Praed's day dresses are modest and ladylike in tone. Mrs. Stannard dresses smartly, although her style is a trifle severe.

She does not follow all the flights of fashion. Mrs. Stannard is fond of quiet shades, and in the evening generally gives black the preference. Anything in the way of flummery she detests.

Her day dresses are always tailor-made—well-tailored, without a crease or a wave anywhere. Mrs. Stannard does not waste money on clothes. She is not ashamed to admit that a few seasons ago (before she was so well off as she is now) she did eighty parties in two frocks.

Marie Corelli dresses fairly well. Being very *polite*, she goes in for simple dresses. Light blue and pale pink are colours that become her well. She wears lace, and sometimes comes out all in white. She has a little white hand, with which she is very fond of laying down the law.

She believes thoroughly in the "beauty sleep," and nothing on earth would keep her out of bed after twelve o'clock.

Literary women have mostly something characteristic about their clothes. Some of them go in heavily for jewellery, one or two show a partiality for old lace, and one lady is renowned for wearing high colours. At private views and other shows she generally makes a target of herself.

Mrs. Lynn Linton always has on a black gown and a white cap when she is at home. She wears rich stuffs—silk, velvet, brocade, and the like.

The most charitably disposed person could not say that Miss Braddon ever wears nice clothes. She likes solid colours, and affects velvet. Her gowns have many furbelows about them. She wears large diamond earrings with evening dress. Miss Braddon is a first-rate housekeeper.

Onida dresses absurdly. She strives after juvenility always. Her hair she wears in a curly crop, bound by bands of ribbon.

Mrs. Walford is every inch a dowager in her attire. She likes heliotrope, and the rich, heavy materials she goes in for would look better in curtains than in dresses. Mrs. Walford is an accomplished woman. She spins, embroiders, and paints beautifully.

Mrs. Cassel-Hoey's style is queer, but you get used to it. She generally has on some priceless old point lace. A lace shawl that she wears occasionally must be worth a couple of hundred pounds if it is worth a penny. Mrs. Hoey always wears mourning. In the matter of millinery she is something like a St. John's nurse.

FINIS.

He muses:

She's sent my letters back to me—

Poor little birds with weary wing,

They seek the nest whence they went free—

She cares no more to hear them sing.

I sent them forth with merry heart.

And dared to dream that love would last.

I'll read them—then for ever part

With these fair visions of the past.

He reads:

Great Caesar's ghost! What did she think

When I called this great blot a tear?

Did she imagine I wept ink?

Whew! What an ass I was last year!

A poem on "Her Glove"—Great Scott!

"To Her: I tune my sacred lyre

And crave remembrance"—I trust not!

Pshaw! Where's a match to light this fire?

"My wife," he remarked, "has made a very important discovery."

"Indeed," said his companion, "what, sir?"

"A new substance that is apparently indestructible."

His companion recalled the fact that the wife had been a professor of natural sciences prior to her marriage, and inquired if she had been long at work upon the invention.

"No," he replied, "and it came about quite by accident. She was trying to make a sponge cake."

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

MAGISTRATE: "What's the charge against this man?"
Officer 3,240: "The suburban cycle brigade brought him in, your worship. He was found wandering in the suburbs. When asked what he was looking for, he said 'pavements.'"
Magistrate: "Great Caesar! Doesn't he know we have had no use for pavements during the last twenty years? Where's his bicycle?"
Officer: "He has no bicycle, your worship."
Magistrate: "No bicycle! What is he, then?"
Officer: "He says he's a—a—pedestrian, your worship."
Magistrate: "Put him in the padded cell until I can commit him."

A HOLIDAY IN A BATH!

THERE are no Fins who do not take at least one bath a month. And this is a pretty high average when you consider that for all France the average is one bath a year for every Frenchman, and in Germany the average is seven-tenths of a bath a year for every German, and in England the average is one-half a bath a year for every Englishman. These are thin and poor averages when compared with the Finnish average of twelve baths a year a person.

But it is not the number of baths that is so interesting as the Finlander's method of taking these baths. Of course, even in such centres of civilisation as Keitele, the people have long ceased to be quaint. But take a village like Trasborg, which is tucked away in an obscure corner of the banks of Ulea Trask, and you find the ancient and honourable Finnish bathing custom in full force.

On the banks of the lake, about a quarter of a mile from the huddle of huts called Trasborg, you will see a small log house, with no windows and apparently with no door. All round the outside of this queer hut runs a bench, the back of which is the wall of the hut, and the seat a single board supported by uprights.

There is no chimney. There is a box like a sentry shelter at a little distance from the hut, and it is from this box that an underground passage leads to the interior of the cabin.

On a certain day you will see a huge fire blazing near this cabin. And after it has been going for several hours you will observe that the old woman who has been watching the fire will reach into it with a huge pair of tongs and lift out a boulder. The boulder is red-hot.

She will drag this into the box and so through the

underground passage. She will lay it finally in the centre of the earthen floor of the cabin. And so she will go on, dragging red-hot boulders out of the fire and piling them up in a mound in the centre of the cabin floor. When she has brought out the last boulder she has a large mound, and the cabin is beginning to warm up.

In a corner of the cabin stands a huge barrel of water. She dips a bucket into the barrel and throws the water on the mound of rocks. Steam bursts from it. When she has thrown on half-a-dozen buckets the cabin is choked with steam.

The joyous bathers begin to arrive. While the old woman has been making the steam the villagers have been getting ready. In every family there has been a grand disrobing.

And now from every hut burst the inhabitants, clad only in the simple, tight-fitting, and innocent garments with which Nature has provided all her children. The weather is cold—bitter cold. But the hardy Finnish men, women, and children are not disturbed.

They leap over the frozen ground, shouting with laughter, and going at full speed to keep their blood circulating. There is quite a scramble at the door of the sentry-box, as so many arrive at the same time. But gradually they disappear until the whole village population is lying or sitting about on the shelves that line the interior walls of the cabin. The mothers have brought the babies. Not a soul is left in the village. It is deserted.

There are lively times in the bath-house, as you may imagine. The women are all on one side, the men on the other. And forms can just be dimly made out by the dim tallow dip that sheds a faint, smoky light. The place is full of steam and the temperature is not far from blood heat. Hour after hour the ingenuous Finns lounge or sleep or gossip. They stay until they are thoroughly boiled out and the room begins to get chilly. Then they sit outside the house on the bench. They do not mind the freezing air. They lounge about as if it were summer-time, smoking, drinking, feeling clean and lighthearted.

They do not destroy this pleasure by indulging too often. Once a month is often enough. Thirty days of quiet and then one day of the full, round joy of perfect cleanliness is just about right for keeping the balance adjusted.

He (accepted): "You say you were never engaged before?"

She: "Yes."

He: "How does that happen? I thought all women usually had three or four engagements."

She (guilelessly): "Well, I presume I shall, too. You see, this is the first chance I've had."

HE WAS ANXIOUS.

Mrs. BINGO: "I caught Robbie with a box of cigarettes in his pocket to-day."

Bingo: "You did, eh? So that boy has been smoking cigarettes? I feared it. I expected that this would be the next thong on his calendar of crime. Anything but this! Anything but to feel that a boy of mine in secret is undermining his constitution, learning to deceive his parents, and placing himself in the grasp of this awful habit! You took the box away from him, of course."

Mrs. Bingo: "Oh, yes."

Bingo (anxiously): "Were there any left?"

A BOULDER OF SILVER.

PROBABLY the largest mass of precious metal in one detached piece was the Silver Boulder of the Slocan. The Slocan is a spur of the Selkirk range, which, with the Rocky Mountains, forms the gigantic backbone of North America. The Silver Boulder was a huge mass of argentiferous galena—that is, lead containing a large percentage of silver—which is one of the forms in which silver is frequently obtained.

The boulder was estimated to weigh over a hundred and fifty tons before it was broken up, and measured something like seven hundred cubic feet, being nearly eight feet in height, and more than ten feet through its greatest width across.

It was found among the debris of the mountain side by two prospectors, who came upon it by chance. They were sitting down to a meal, and one of them struck his pick into the earth. He knew at once that he had struck metal of some sort from the way the pick "gripped," and then, supposing he had made a great find, proceeded to dig and scrape away till the surface of the ore was revealed.

He naturally believed for the time that he had discovered the outcrop of a splendid vein, perhaps of a great mine. On investigating farther, however, he was amazed to find that it was an enormous boulder, if it may be so called, entirely composed of silver-lead. And as there was no mine in the immediate vicinity, the boulder of course was a piece of "drift," deposited there in some bygone age. He sold it for two thousand dollars; the lucky purchasers of it had it broken up, smelted, and received nearly ten times what they gave for it.

Nuggets of "native silver," that is, masses of metal composed of almost pure silver, have occasionally been found. One weighing eight hundredweight was obtained in Huantaya, in Peru, and another of four hundred pounds weight at Batopilas in Mexico.

CORPULENCE.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of the new eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past as fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text book, "Corpulency, and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-end fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free, by sending two penny stamps to Mr. Russell's offices, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—within a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

[The following are taken from other Journals.]

CORPULENCY THE THIEF OF TIME.

"THAT procrastination is the Thief of Time is a truism so obvious that it has no claim to be regarded as an epigram. To more practical purpose it may be urged that Corpulency is, in very many cases, the parent of procrastination. The putting off till to-morrow what can be done to-day certainly becomes a mental habit, but it is unquestionably very frequently begotten by physical conditions which render exertion irksome. That in the majority of cases procrastination is easily curable is one of the considerations suggested by a perusal of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's 'Corpulency, and the Cure,' whose remarkable popularity is evidenced by the recent issue of the 18th edition. The enormous mass of correspondence which this expert has accumulated, and many extracts from which are included in the 256 pages of his little book, forms the most valuable addition which has yet been made to the literature of obesity. It is especially notable that a very large proportion

of Mr. Russell's correspondents who have undergone his course of treatment for the reduction of obesity, emphasise the renewed vigour which they have experienced after passing through the process—a wonderfully rapid one, according to this method—of banishing their superabundant fat. The universal adoption of Mr. Russell's system by corpulent persons of both sexes would increase, by a stupendous percentage, the working capacity of mankind. The rapidly growing popularity of the treatment is due, doubtless, to the author having discarded all the obsolete notions about semi-starvation being requisite to ensure comely and comfortable slenderness. It is certain that the more the marvellous possibilities of Mr. Russell's system become known, the less will be the tolerance for the laziness of people who decline to reduce their overweight by the pleasant and facile means which are described in this little book, which can be had, post free, by forwarding two penny stamps to Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Liverpool Daily Mercury*, March 24th, 1896.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 11lb. to 21lb. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an undoubted success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending two penny stamps, a book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had post free from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would

any reader now believe that by the new orthodox treatment a stout patient can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours, having lost probably two pounds of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a pound to ten pound weekly loss is registered, until the person approaches his or her normal weight; then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure is effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the book, entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained post free from Mr. Russell, of Woburn House, 27, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by inclosing two penny stamps.—*Dublin Weekly Freeman*.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCE.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. There has recently been issued a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only two-pence), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure; for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos, i.e., 34lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost eight pounds in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18lbs. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bourne writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'—*Cork Herald*.

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TAKE YOUR PORTRAIT, SIR?

A CHAT WITH A BRASSER PHOTOGRAPHER

"Got your own camera, sir?" said the man in consequence of my reply. "Most, gentle, and come to that, ladies too, have nowadays. They're knocking us out of time. I don't mind 'em taking photos," he continued after a pause, seeing that I was not averse to listening. "I don't fancy they mostly amount to much. But they injure our trade, that's what I object to."

"I think I'll have mine taken after all," I interjected, scenting some amusing details from the seaside photographer.

"Thank you, sir. And it'll only be the third customer I've had to-day. Why a day like this, everybody out on the beach, and in a good humour with the spell of fine weather we're having, five years or even less ago I'd have taken a dozen portraits and groups in half the time. Just stand there please, sir," he rattled on, putting his head with a quick professional bob under the ragged focussing cloth.

"Just a little bit to the right, and bring your hand forward on the head of the stick. Now just one moment, smile, sir; and the thing's done."

There was something so irresistibly comic in both the matter and the manner of his exhortation, that it is almost needless to say I smiled. In fact, the photo shows me indulging in a broad grin.

"Thank you, that will do, sir," and he vanished for a time into the travelling dark-room, to emerge some ten minutes later triumphant, and bearing my, counterfeit presentment wet still, but inclosed in the familiar metal frame. "Not bad, is it?"

I readily assented that it was not, all things considered; then I ventured to suggest that trade was not what it used to be.

"No," agreed the photographer with a sad face, "it isn't. I have been at it some ten years now, on and off, and when I first took it up—my opening summer at this sort of thing was at Margate—I used to think nothing of taking £4 to £6 a week in good weather, that I didn't. But now, well, I suppose I do as good business as most, but if I see £3 or £2 10s. clear, I think I've done remarkably well. Last week?" in reply to a query I interjected. "About the latter figure; but I should have had a bad time of it if it hadn't been for two or three families who wanted a photo of a group a-piece."

"You've been to a good many watering places, I suppose?"

"Margate, Ramsgate, Hastings, Eastbourne, Yarmouth, Southend, Ventnor, Southsea, Weymouth, and other towns. Sometimes I've moved on to two or three different places during the season. Occasionally I've found business pretty brisk, and have settled down for a whole summer. The best place I've been to of late years is a matter of two hundred and fifty miles away from here—Blackpool. In one week there I took £8. I was literally popping in and out of my dark room from morning till night. You see a lot of the mill hands come down there sweethearting, and one day I took no less than seven and twenty courting couples. Then there were family groups, and a good deal of my work must be hanging up in the Lancashire mill hands' best parlours. They're a lively lot, I can assure you, when they're on the spree. And generous with their money too. There weren't many days when an excursion was in that I didn't have my takings swelled by a half-crown or two given for one of my portraits (for which I usually charged eightpence), with the remark, 'Ne'er mind about na change, mister.'"

"You must have had some curious experiences at one time and another," I suggested.

"Yes; some pretty queer ones sometimes. Down at Margate three summers ago I had a glum enough one, if you like. You see that photo there of that young couple?" (pointing out the one in question). "Well, sir, I'll tell you how it happened. They came down with a Sunday School or Band of Hope party, I forget which, and when I asked them if they wouldn't like their portraits taken they said they didn't mind if they did. I took them just as you see them, and as they didn't want to wait about while I finished the portrait off and put it in a frame, it was arranged that they should call for it before they left in the late afternoon, and as the young fellow paid me he mentioned that next time they came down he hoped they'd be man and wife. The afternoon passed and the time came for the train to start, and then the evening, and yet I'd seen nothing of them. Of course, I thought they'd probably got run in a corner for time, and that I should have a letter in a day or two asking me to send the portrait on to them by post. However, just as I was putting my things away and thinking of going on home for the night, I heard a boatman say that a young fellow had been drowned bathing that very afternoon. I asked him what name, just out of curiosity, and he told me. It was the very young fellow who had had his portrait taken with his young lady not three-quarters of an hour before he'd met his death. And there," concluded the speaker, "is the portrait. The girl never claimed it, and they had not mentioned any address, so I couldn't send it to her which I should otherwise have done."

"But the gruesome job I've ever had," he resumed after a sympathetic pause, "was given me by an old lady who used to live just on the outskirts of Ramsgate. One day she asked me to come up in the afternoon to take a portrait of her husband. I was to have half a

sovereign for the job. When she mentioned it I thought it was pretty good pay. And as I reckoned it wouldn't take me much over an hour, and things on the beach were a bit dull just then I agreed willingly enough. When I arrived I was shown by one of the servants into a bedroom upstairs; I thought she looked pretty solemn but put it down to her nature. The husband had died the day before, and I was shown in without a word of warning to photograph a dead man. Did I do it? Yes; but I can't say I liked the job. I was haunted for several days by the remembrance of the dead face staring at me from the bed whilst I was doing the job."

"I suppose that you've not taken many celebrities? They're not much in your line I imagine."

"Not much, though I've taken a few. Four summers ago I crossed the island from Ventnor to Cowes for what they call 'the Squadron Week.' Well, on the second day, when I was doing business on the corner of the Green, a lady and gentleman and a young lady came along, and the gentleman said something in German, I think."

"I'm sure they're very good," the lady replied.

"Let us have ours taken," the young lady suggested. I shall show it to Lord B—. Won't he laugh?"

"Can you take us at once?" asked the gentleman very pleasantly.

"Of course, I said 'Yes.' And so I took them there and then. Well, when I told them it was finished and all right, the gentleman gave me half-a-sovereign, and told me to leave the portrait, addressed to Mr. B. Smith (whereat the lady and young lady burst out laughing), at the Castle sometime in the evening. When I did so I found out that Mr. B. Smith was the Prince of Wales, that the lady was the Princess, and that the young lady was the Princess Maud. Their faces had been very familiar to me, I thought, at the time."

"You ought to put up 'Patronised by Royalty,'" I smilingly suggested.

"No; I don't think that would do at all. I might get into trouble, as, of course, the Prince was *in cog*, as it's called. I've taken a few other celebrities and foreign royalties—Mr. Toole (at Margate), Mr. Irving, Miss Fortescue (when on tour at a seaside place on the South Coast) amongst the former—but ordinary folks are more in my way of business."

A HONEYMOON.

GOING.

SHE: "The guard says this is the longest tunnel on the line."

HE: "Yes, but the lamps are lighted."

RETURNING.

SHE: "Here we come to that lovely long tunnel."

HE: "Why in thunder don't they light the lamps?"

AGE AFFECTS POETRY.—Office Boy (to editor): "There's a lady outside, sir, with some poetry."

Editor: "How old is she?"

"Bout seventeen."

"Show her in."

JOHNNY: "Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice present."

Tommy: "All right."

"What shall it be?"

"We had better get her a padded slipper."

MRS. SLIMSON (severely): "Willie, this lady complains that you have been fighting with her little boy, and wants you to promise never to do so again."

Willie (to lady): "You needn't be afraid, ma'am. Your boy will keep out of my way after this."

UNCLE: "So, my dear little nephew, you haven't forgotten your old uncle on his birthday. You have brought me this nice smoking cap for a present. Thanks, little nephew, here is sixpence for you."

Little Nephew: "Boo—oo—oo! It cost me half-a-crown."

THE other day a man was knocked down and run over by a bicycle. Scrambling to his feet, he began to abuse the rider.

"Sir," he shouted, "I want to tell you that you are no gentleman—er—excuse me, madam—miss" (as he found himself talking to a bloomerite), "but," raising his voice, "anyhow, I was right."

DOOMED DOGS.—A wealthy squire is an ardent hunter, but a notoriously bad shot. As he was going out hunting with his two dogs he met a friend.

"Poor brutes," said his friend with a sigh, looking at the dogs.

"Why so?" They adore me," said the Nimrod putting down his hand for the dogs to lick.

"That's the pity of it!" said the other in a melancholy tone.

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In this case send the photograph, inclosing a postal order for 6s. 6d., to "Pearson's Weekly" Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., before June 21st. If an acknowledgment is desired, an addressed postcard must be provided.

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS WILL BE RETURNED UNSOILED.

The following are letters which have been received in connection with these photographic enlargements:

Mr. E. J. Hallam, of 17, Godwin Road, Forest Gate, E., writes:

I beg to acknowledge with thanks the safe receipt of the enlargement of my child's photograph. I think it is only right that I should express my great satisfaction and admiration of the same. It is not only a marvellous likeness, but a really splendid production. Considering the small price you have charged, I must say I consider you have made a handsome gift to all those who availed themselves of your offer.

Mr. O. G. Quinn-Jones, writing from 2, St. Catherine's Terrace, Tenby, says:

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the very handsome enlargement of the portrait of my deceased brother, which I received this morning. It is, in fact, more lifelike than the original, and the most satisfactory work of the kind that I have ever met with.

Mr. W. G. B. Williams, Master Gunner, R.A., Dover Castle, writes:

I acknowledge with very much pleasure and an abundance of thanks, the magnificent pictures of my late father and mother, which came to hand safely on Friday last. They are "streets" beyond what I expected, being in every respect speaking likenesses. I have shown them to a number of friends who are unanimous in their praise.

The best paper for the holidays—SHORT STORIES. A new serial has just commenced. Crammed with stories of love and adventure, stories of home life and stories of travel, stories humorous and stories pathetic, stories of every kind by the most popular authors of the day. The best illustrated penny paper published.

A MODERN GLADIATOR.

It was time this persecution stopped. Miss Laura had borne it too long already, and she could endure it no more. She did not wish to become the talk of all Madrid.

Undoubtedly she was running a risk in what she was about to do. To recline in the soft cushions of her *caleche*, cold and untrifled, as her proud horses dashed along the great avenue called the Prado; to look about her with a careless gaze that gave the impression of an undoubted mind, while the equestrians pointed out to each other with an almost imperceptible nod of the head and with that insinuating curl to the corners of the mouth; to be whirled round the corner and encounter the end of a fan suddenly folded into a pointer from among some rustling groups of mantillas, whose impertinent whispering one could not help hearing. "Indeed! Is that she? Upon my soul, my dear, is that the one Enrico has gone crazy over? Well, if that is she, we can expect to see Enrico soon—why, there he is!" This was what, perhaps, awaited her.

Enrico! A bull-fighter! a man whom anyone could see for money at a bull-ring! An actor!

An actor, yes, and a superb one. Not of that kind who bring smiles to the face, but one of those who cause you to shiver. A tragedian who played but a single rôle, always the same, but what a rôle! In the arena, where the blood soaks the ground, where the fallen bodies of the disembowelled horses lie, with the last quiverings of the death agony in their flanks—in this atmosphere of horror, where ten thousand people palpitating with anguish, have risen breathless as the mighty bull, bellowing with rage, and his eyes on fire, stands at bay. Now for the struggle to the death. Before him—a scarlet scarf trailing over his left arm, his chest protected with but a simple jacket of silk—advances a solitary man, his sole defence a slender length of steel. It is a tragic encounter, where that sovereign power courage, which stretches this savage monster at the feet of a feeble man, shines in all its splendour.

These were the conditions under which she had first seen this calm, handsome fellow march to the peril of his life with a smile upon his face. There were other *toreros* as brave as he, perhaps; but they were brutes, they were vulgar, heavy rustics, who had tended cattle as cow-herds before coming to Madrid to kill them as *toreros*.

But Enrico was slender, elegant, *distingue*; one could not deny that he had the air of a gentleman in disguise. He always entered the amphitheatre, his sword on his hip, as a man of the world enters a drawing-room, his silk hat in his gloved fingers, a flower in his button-hole, and a madrigal on his lips.

Moreover, they told a story about him—the only one now passed into legend—something about the son of a family ruined by his prodigalities, who, disappearing for years, no one knew whither, suddenly returned from South Africa to make his *début* in the midst of the Royal Circus and set all Madrid aflame.

It was there one day that Miss Laura Dennison had allowed the marvellous performance of the illustrious *torador* to carry her away. Miss Dennison was not one of those featherbrained young persons whose dreams, peopled by powdered tenors with poetic airs and frizzled wigs, are taken from the opera of the night before, as seen from her box through a *lorgnette*. If she had ever taken fancies of this sort she was now twenty years of age and had passed the time for such silly ideas.

Nevertheless, she had recently committed an error—a pardonable error, or, at all events, an involuntary one; one of those deviations which the world thinks a trifle, but which is still an error. When she first beheld Enrico standing triumphant with his foot on the head of the bull he had just slain, Miss Laura, in this wild moment of universal excitement, forgetting in her enthusiasm the usual phlegm of a daughter of England, in common with the Spanish women, who, on all sides of her, tore the flowers from their corsages to throw for their favourite, she had hurled the bouquet of rare flowers which lay in her lap down to the victorious *torador's* feet. But in the quick movement she had parted with not only the flowers, but the little card-case of gold-mounted tortoise-shell which she had held in her hand.

Later on, Enrico, in his room, found among the armfuls of flowers which had rained down upon his head the dainty little card-case, bearing within it several visiting-cards, upon which was engraved the name of Miss Laura Dennison. "An invitation!" thought the *torador*.

It did not take much inquiry to find the residence of the English woman. When he had done this, the *torador* himself returned the lost card-case, without asking to see her, but leaving one of his own cards. This was the limit of his audacity. But a few days later someone pointed out Miss Laura in the street, as she passed quite near him. His eyes drank in the beauties of this adorable creature, who retained the complexion of a lily even under the sun of swarthy Spain, and the image of those eyes of heavenly blue beneath her crown of golden hair never after left his mind. He was transfixed with love.

Since that encounter, from day to day, this folly had continued to grow upon him, until at last it had gained

the mastery and harassed him by its tyrannical sway. It seemed to seek opportunities, through the contemplation of his idol, hopelessly barred from his approach, to keep his misery ever fresh in his mind. It caused him to choose his promenades so that he might cross her path as often as possible, even while by his silent but unmistakable adoration he ran no small risk of compromising her.

Finally, it drove him to pass hours in view of her windows for the chance of an occasional glimpse behind the cruel curtain of the beautiful phantom that haunted his days and nights.

To-night he was at his post, and Miss Dennison, happening to look out on the street as the *torador* leaned forward to see her from behind the doorway which half concealed him, beheld the light of the neighbouring gas-lamps shining full in his face. This was why, utterly wearied of this affair, she had drawn back angrily from the window and decided that something must be done.

She formed a sudden resolution. She would carry it out in spite of the gossiping of this Spanish town. She would see him herself. Her father had gone out. So much the better. She would be more at liberty. If he returned, so much the worse—the comedy might change to tragedy. But in either case she intended to accomplish her end. She rang for her maid, and, indicating the love-lorn *torador*, said:

"Tell him to come here!"

Now, so agitated that his lips trembled, the *torador* stood in her presence. What could she mean by this unexpected summons? A fugitive hope crossed his mind, only to be frozen, as, in a cold voice, she began to speak, going straight to the point. In a few dry, cutting words she described the annoyance which this ceaseless pursuit had caused her, and, not without some haughty irony, demanded that he should give up the insane passion that impelled him to such conduct. For, indeed, had he ever deceived himself, even in his dreams, about this matter? She was not for such as he! Did he mean an impertinence or insult by what he had been doing?

He gently interrupted her: "I knew all this, *señorita*," he said simply; "to know it was torture, but to hear it from your lips is death."

She saw that his eyes were full of tears. Silently, with a profound bow, the *torador* left the room.

The next day, as Miss Dennison sat in her usual place at the amphitheatre, just as it was time for Enrico to appear, an old woman, who sat near, held out a bunch of flowers, which she had just picked up, saying: "Your bouquet, *señorita*."

Her bouquet? She had brought none with her. She looked at the flowers which the unknown stranger had dropped into her lap. Between two roses appeared the corner of a piece of paper. At this moment the bull entered the arena, and, as all around her leaned forward to catch sight of him, unseen she drew forth a little note and read:

"Search in your world for a man who, for you, would do that which I do to-day."

It was signed "Enrico."

What was he going to do? Miss Dennison felt a slight shudder. Pahaw! some unexpected feat of slaughter, no doubt! some act foolhardy beyond the ordinary, pre-arranged and dedicated to her. He was reckless enough to attempt anything; but however perilous the position, he was agile enough to escape uninjured.

However, she would soon see.

Twenty minutes passed. Already the panting bodies of six horses were strewn about the arena, and the bull, dripping with blood from the banderillas stuck in his flanks, roamed about, blind with rage, seeking his foe.

Suddenly the *torador* appeared. A buzz of astonishment swept from one end of the amphitheatre to the other.

Enrico, whose costumes were famous for their fastidious elegance and the rich splendour of their colours, was now clothed entirely in sombre black. Every article he wore, from the silken hose to the lace collar, was of the same sinister hue, and at the handle of his sword a favour of black crepe was knotted. Whom could the great Enrico be mourning?

Slowly the *torador* moved towards the beast, advancing in a straight line without a faint or moment's hesitation. The bull had suddenly come to a halt, and now, as if surprised by this quiet boldness, stood with distended nostrils regarding the enemy. Then, with a deep bellow, it lowered its head ready to dash upon him.

At this moment Enrico was seen to grasp his sword in his two hands, break it over his knee, and dash the pieces to the ground.

The cry of amazement which arose from the multitude at this unaccountable act suddenly changed into horror. The body of the superb Enrico, after turning thrice in the air, fell lifeless to the earth, gored by both horns of the ferocious Andalusian bull.

When Miss Dennison came to herself, her first thought was of the note which she believed was still tightly clasped in her hands. It was gone.

It was through this that it became known in Madrid for whose pretty eyes Enrico, the famous *torador*, had met his bloody death in the arena.

WHY THE SULTAN DOESN'T WANT A NAVY.

THE incident which led to the order for the extinction of the Turkish navy was as follows: A transport was bringing a number of time-expired men home, when they respectfully mutinied, and begged their officers to go below, as they wished to do something which might not be approved of. Some non-commissioned officers then took command, and anchored off the palace, and, after firing a salute, began shouting: "Long live the Sultan!"

This demonstration caused immediate confusion at the palace, and various high officers were dispatched to parley with the mutineers, but they insisted on seeing the Minister, and when he at last appeared they said they knew the Sultan had given the money to pay them, but that they had not received it, and they would not budge until they did.

No arguments were of any avail, and the money had to be sent for and distributed, after which the men weighed anchor with a cheer, and gave up the ship again. The Sultan, however, reflected that what a transport had done peaceably a heavily-armed man-of-war might do with evil intent, and, calling Hassan Paasha to him, he declared that he wanted no more navy.

A COURTING EPISODE.

A YOUNG couple, evidently from the country, were walking down Regent Street one day, apparently looking for something very much in particular. At last they stopped before a large jeweller's window, in which were displayed a number of wedding-rings. They stood by the window for a few moments, discussing some urgent question, the big, clumsy-looking fellow, who measured about six feet, apparently hesitating.

"Go on, George," said the girl, who scarcely reached his elbow. "What's the use of backing out, now you've got so far?"

"I don't half like to, Mary," he replied; "that slick-looking fellow in there is sure to grin at me."

"What difference does it make whether he laughs or cries?" exclaimed the girl. "If you haven't the pluck, I'll go myself."

"That's it, Mary," was the response; "if you'll do the asking, I'll come with you and look on."

Followed by her bashful lover, the little woman marched boldly in and chose the wedding-ring, while her swain twirled his hat, blushed, and looked on. As they left, the shopman gazed after them with a thoughtful air and remarked:

"I admire Mary's pluck, but I shouldn't care to be George ten years from now."

HOW WINE DRINKERS ARE SWINDLED.

"If people who follow 'brands' and makers' names knew of half the swindles perpetrated with labels they'd be astounded," said a celebrated wine merchant to a P.W. representative.

"Why, I know of a man, an ex-engraver, who can forge the labels of any brand of wine in existence. This is his sole occupation, and working in league with him are a clique of rogues who buy up quantities of empty wine and champagne bottles from hotels and restaurants."

"Some of this gang have been wine merchants' assistants, and understand bottling, and they fill the bottles with a low-priced but drinkable port, claret, champagne, etc., and affix cleverly forged labels of the most expensive brands, bearing the names of foreign growers."

"Not only are the bottles peculiar to each grower used, but they even procure the proper gold and silver foil from France, and as to the corks, they know where to find a cork cutter to the trade who will supply any shape and kind required."

"Seals are easily imitated by taking an impression, and putting cobwebs on port-wine bottles is an old dodge. They plant these spurious wines at certain restaurants and clubs, the wine buyer 'standing in.' I know more than one high-class restaurant where these imitations are constantly sold to people dining there as genuine brands."

"So perfect are the forged labels that a military officer actually paid these sharpers over £100 for some Madeira worth about £10, which they advertised as dating from the battle of Waterloo."

"A very well-known nobleman, too, was victimised over some pretended Pommery to the tune of £200, and I could give you the name of a big firm of wine merchants who were swindled for nearly £3,000, a few bottles of genuine wine being procured and opened for them to taste, and dared not prosecute, for it would simply have ruined their business were it to become known that they had had hundreds of falsely labeled wines in their cellars, some of which they had even resold to their customers."

A FL

A WELL-KNOWN di once in a country ch strong inhalation, dre He tried in vain attention, or disturbin but at last yielding t the offending intrude "Yes, I swallowed turned into brain and himself."

A BIBLE

THE only gold-an book in the world w Mohammedan city of a copy of the Koran, gift from Abd-ur-Ra The covers of this are nine and a half plates one-eighth of a The centre piece an wrought in diamond piece is a crescent w whole design being 167 pearls, and 122 r The book itself is hand. It is valued a

RUG COLLE

BARON ALBERT R of European familie his splendid house in the waxed floors, but these Oriental carps along the walls. "trampled by careless hundreds of pounds Besides, they are a boasts a history or p decoration that have translation by able s The Emperor of and there are man beautiful specimens other persons prize p In the days of Per carpet-weaving were five hundred, six hun

DRAWING



FROM the late Rev. J. As an illustration of the giving the particulars of a Headache affected by most sparing in their use twenty-five years, and also FRUIT SALT' he now en Headache or Constipation this food to the great s medy has been so benefici public. I find it makes a v

SMALL-POX, SCARLE GREENE, and almost ears, and in that time hav cancer, and almost every m for a single day, and this hich has kept my blood in nce. Its value as a me

The value

success in Europe, A HERE IS NO DOUBT T in innumerable instan LINESS. The effect of

ATTENTION.—Examine each Bottle been imposed upon by a

NO'S 'FRUIT SA

A FLY PREACHER.

A WELL-KNOWN divine tells a story of himself that once in a country church, when preaching, he, with a strong inhalation, drew an unlucky fly into his throat. He tried in vain to dislodge it without attracting attention, or disturbing the continuity of his discourse, but at last yielding to circumstances, he gulped down the offending intruder, and closed his oration by saying: "Yes, I swallowed him, and by this time he has turned into brain and sinew and gone to preaching for himself."

A BIBLE BOUND IN GOLD.

THE only gold-and-silver bound diamond-encrusted book in the world was lately enshrined in the holy Mohammedan city of Isnan-Ruza, Persia. The book is a copy of the Koran, the bible of the Moslems, and is a gift from Abd-ur-Rahman, Ameer of Afghanistan. The covers of this unique volume, the sides of which are nine and a half by four inches, are of solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The centre piece and the corners are symbolic designs, wrought in diamonds, rubies, and pearls. The centre-piece is a crescent with a star between its points, the whole design being composed of 109 small diamonds, 167 pearls, and 122 rubies. The book itself is on parchment, entirely written by hand. It is valued at £25,000.

RUG COLLECTING AS A HOBBY.

BARON ALBERT ROTHSCHILD, a member of that richest of European families, is a collector of eastern rugs. In his splendid house in Paris costly rugs are spread over the waxed floors, but the most beautiful and precious of these Oriental carpets hang like pictures or tapestry along the walls. They are far too valuable to be trampled by careless feet, since some of them cost many hundreds of pounds and are five or six centuries old. Besides, they are as beautiful as paintings, and every one boasts a history or possesses a series of meanings in its decoration that have been found worthy of study and translation by able scholars. The Emperor of Austria is another ardent collector, and there are many wealthy Englishmen who prize beautiful specimens of Oriental carpets as highly as other persons prize paintings, statues, or carvings. In the days of Persia's greatness special factories for carpet-weaving were owned by the Shah, and rugs made five hundred, six hundred, even eight hundred years ago

are found to-day in excellent condition, a little worn as to fringe, but the colours as clear and fine as ever.

"Who makes the rugs?" someone may ask. In nearly every province of Persia, Asia Minor, and Turkey will be found innumerable families who weave rugs, every member contributing something to the industry. Even the little children take part in the work, and very early the girls learn to become expert workers at the looms.

When a Turkoman girl grows up, her suitor, if she is a clever weaver, pays to her father 100 tomans for so valuable a wife. If that husband dies, and another suitor comes along, and asks the widow's hand in marriage, he must pay her father 200 tomans, for it is supposed that as she works at rug-weaving for her husbands she is steadily growing more expert.

This is not pleasant work, for sometimes if the rug is large the loom reaches from floor to ceiling in the weaver's hut, and often all day the entire family sit aloft on a scaffolding, working like beavers from six o'clock in the morning until six o'clock at night. Sometimes a thrifty man will not only keep his family at work, but hire men to work for him, and pays them less than 5d. a day for the long hours of labour. With their best efforts these patient toilers can only make a few inches of rug a day, and when the rug is fine it requires months to finish a small one.

AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.—Jack (who has just treated his friend to the dinner of the establishment): "Pretty good dinner for two francs and a half, eh?" His Friend: "First rate. Let's have another."

MRS. DE FASHION: "My dear, I have picked out a husband for you." Miss De Fashion: "Very well; but I want to say, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the material myself."

"AND how old is your boy, Wilkins?" asked the visitor. "Well, that," said Wilkins, in a whisper, so that Mrs. W. might not hear, "that is a disputed point. I say he is old enough to be spanked, but his mother says he isn't."

SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY: "Will you please tell me if the lady is in who writes the 'Mother's Column' in your paper every week. I want to tell her how much pleasure I had in perusing her articles on 'The Baby in the Cradle.'"

Office Boy: "He's yonder, ma'am. That's him who is standing there with a pink shirt on, smoking a pipe."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

"THERE is one thing I don't understand about you," said the manager to the new clerk.

"What is that?"

"Every time you see the figure three you call it 'two.'"

"Oh, that's easily explained."

"How?"

"I used to be a salesman in the ladies' department of a boot shop."

WHY THE FRENCH LIKE PRESIDENT FAURE.

M. FELIX FAURE, on the day of his election to the French Presidency, ordered a quarter of a bottle of wine to every private soldier on active service to drink his health. The bill has now been sent in to him, and came to about £4,000.

Each day when he is going out to drive or walk he steps into the guard-room. The soldiers there rush forward to stand at attention in a row. He walks slowly past, stopping before each to say something friendly. Before leaving, he orders a quarter of a bottle of ordinary wine for each.

M. Faure understands better than any former President how to treat the working-classes, and has quite broken the ice which kept them out of touch with the Elysée.

"CABBY" KNEW A THING OR TWO.

A CAB was driven to the Broad Street entrance of Gresham House on Friday night, and two young men, evidently in the third state of a spree, got out and walked towards the entrance. Both were laughing and apparently enjoying a huge joke.

"Wait for us, driver," said one, as the doors swung behind them.

The driver looked after them, while a look of deep wisdom came into his face, which was emphasised when he laid his finger along his nose in a knowing manner.

He didn't wait—there; he got on his box and hurriedly drove round to the Bishopsgate entrance and drew up to the curb just as the two young men made their exit.

"Drove round to meet you, gentlemen," he said.

"Where do you want to go now?" "Well! I think we'll settle up and not go farther," said one of the men, from whose face the former smile had fled.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.



Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Breathing Impure Air, Too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty, Rheumatic and other Blood Poisons, Fevers, Feverish Colds, with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Throat Irritation, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Worry, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c.

Use ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

IT IS PLEASANT, SOOTHING, COOLING, HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING, AND INVIGORATING. No Family should be without it.

It Prevents Diarrhoea, and Removes it in the Early Stages.

FROM the late Rev. J. W. Neil, Holy Trinity Church, North Shields.—"DEAR SIR,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' I have no hesitation giving the particulars of the case of one of my friends. Sluggish action of the Liver and chronic Headache affected him, so he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to most sparing in their use. This did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for twenty-five years, and also consulting eminent members of the faculty. By the use of your 'FRUIT SALT' he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or Constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of this food to the great satisfaction of himself and friends. There are others to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various complaints, that you may well extend its use pro bono amico. I find it makes a very refreshing and invigorating drink."

"I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL."

SMALL-POX, SCARLET FEVER, PYEMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GAN- GRENE, and almost every mentionable Disease. "I have been a nurse for upwards of ten years, and in that time have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyemia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, and almost every mentionable disease. During the whole time I have not been ill myself for a single day, and this I attribute in a great measure to the use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over-estimated."

"A PROFESSIONAL NURSE (Qualified)."

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told.

Success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a Disease it has in innumerable instances PREVENTED what would otherwise have been A SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' on a disordered and feverish condition of the system is MARVELLOUS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS and occasionally poisonous imitation. PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

GIVEN AWAY

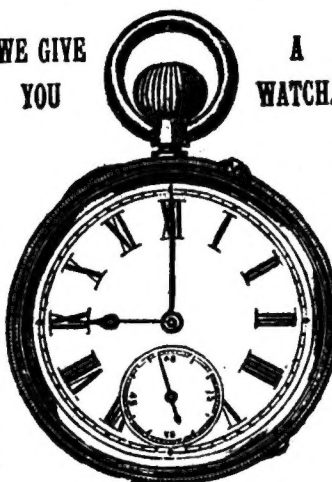
£5,000! GRAHAM & CO.'S £5,000! MONSTER GIFTS.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Messrs. GRAHAM & CO. intend to present their customers with a Monster Parcel as a means of advertising their celebrated

EGYPTIAN GOLD JEWELLERY.

FOR THE SMALL SUM OF 6s. 6d. WE WILL SEND AS FOLLOWS:—

NOT A TOY
WE GIVE
YOU A
WATCH.



GUARANTEED TO KEEP
CORRECT TIME.

Any Watch not received in going order will be exchanged.

We do this to save the enormous cost of advertising, preferring to give our customers the benefit. As we lose money on each parcel we cannot supply more than two parcels to one person. If you cannot call, get a P.O. at once, and send for this wonderful parcel. Orders will be executed in rotation. Money returned if not as represented. NOTE.—The entire parcel will be sent for 6s. 6d. (post free registered 7s.). Each customer will receive gratis one of our HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES. Be sure and call or send to-day for the

6s. 6d. MONSTER PRESENTATION PARCEL including the HANDSOME KEYLESS WATCH.

E. GRAHAM & CO.,
277, Strand, London, W.C.

GIVEN AWAY

Our Price.	Our Price.
One Gents' Egyptian Gold Albert, or one Ladies' Egyptian Gold Albert ...	2s. 6d.
One Seal or Locket for Chain ...	1s. 6d.
One Gents' Carbon Diamond Ring, or one Ladies' S-Stone Diamond Ring ...	3s. 6d.
One Gents' Carbon Diamond Scarf-pin, or one Ladies' Fashionable Brooch ...	2s. 6d.
One Pair of Cuff Links, or one Carbon Diamond Bracelet ...	2s. 6d.
Total ...	12s. 6d.

FOR
6s. 6d.

In addition to above Every Purchaser will be Presented Free of Charge with one of our handsome

KEYLESS WATCHES,

Usually sold at Half-a-Guinea.

Read what is said by those who have Purchased.

WANTS A SECOND PARCEL.

"Lowick-by-Beale, Northumberland, August 17. "GENTLEMEN,—Received to-day your second parcel of Jewellery, with which we are immensely pleased. We really wonder how you can do it. The watch itself is worth more than the money charged for the whole. Many thanks for punctuality. Very truly yours, "WILLIAM McISAAC."

GOES BETTER THAN HIS 416 WATCH.

"11, North Street, St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells. "GENTLEMEN,—Some few weeks ago I sent to your firm for the Jewellery and advertised watch, of which I am surprised; the Watch is a beautiful timepiece. I must admit, in fact, it goes better than my £15 gold watch; and for the Jewellery it is astonishing value. I think you must lose money over such gifts, as I term it. The watch alone is worth double the 7s. I inclosed. I have shown it to several of my friends, and they were astonished. You can add this to your testimonials if it will be of any service. I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully, "LEWIS C. RHODES."

Every Watch is Carefully Examined, Tined, and Guaranteed a Correct Timekeeper. Call and see them.

IN AN EMPEROR'S KITCHEN.

WHERE THE DINNERS OF THE KAISER WILHELM ARE COOKED.

A ROYAL kitchen is at all times an extremely interesting place to visit, as it contains such an abundance of culinary novelties of every description. Here are prepared the daily meals of the imperial family, and their immediate attendants. The ordinary routine never brings out the full working capacity of the kitchen, as the number to be provided for is not very large. But when a gala dinner or a wedding festivity is to be prepared, then it is a sight worth seeing, if admission as a spectator can be obtained to the sacred realms of cookery.

The kitchen is governed by a court marshal, and next in rank comes a kitchen superintendent. This functionary attends to the purchasing and ordering of all materials needed, and pays all accounts of the various tradespeople. Next comes the officers of the kitchen, who have charge of the table furnishings, linen, silver for everyday use, as well as glass, etc. On special occasions these men attend to the setting of the tables, as well as the army of extra waiters.

But the greatest of the great is the "master of the kitchen." He in his turn is aided by a number of *chefs* of the various subordinate departments. Some of these subordinate *chefs* have as many as twenty assistants.

The roast meat department is given special care as the Emperor is apt to be a little "fussy" if things are not exactly right. The chief of the department, as well as his assistants, must be a veritable artiste in roasting meat, nay, a worker of miracles, for Brillat-Savarin truthfully said that "cooks may be taught, but roasters must be born."

Next in importance comes the *entrée* cooks, upon whom it devolves to prepare minor dishes, soups, vegetables, and salads. The third division is comprised of the makers of sauces, or, as they are styled, "sauçiers." It is the duty of these gentlemen to prepare the fish, the *entrées*, and to make all impossible sauces, as the case requires.

A very important man is the chief confectioner, with his assistants. On these dignitaries rests the task of not only preparing all the fancy pastry, but they must put it into attractive shapes as well. All preserves, jellies, and candied fruits are in their care. The artistic feature of the banquet tables owe a great deal to the pastrycooks' skill.

These men, who would certainly scorn to be anything less than artistic, are certainly wonderfully adept in the arrangement of dishes in every conceivable shape. Beneath their deft touch one can almost hear the roasted pig give a grunt of satisfaction as it lies on its beautifully-garnished plate. Fowl and game appear decked in their full plumage, and in startlingly life-like attitudes.

The ranges are built along the side of the kitchen, and all are heated by coal. Should there be special hurry to prepare a hasty meal for a large number of people, these ranges can be supplied with gas by a patented contrivance.

Every department has a bulletin board on which are posted the daily requirements for each department. Huge frying-ovens, resembling sideboards, are built in the walls. There is also a beef-steak broiler heated with charcoal, and closed with a lid. The arrangements for roasting meats, making pastry, artificial ice, and so on, are all of the very latest and improved patterns.

The Emperor delights to entertain, and when he gives a big dinner the master of the kitchen, eight days before the event, outlines the menu, and places it before him. The court marshal elaborates it, and the entire bill of fare is most carefully considered item by item. The required changes are made to conform to the Emperor's wishes, after which it is handed to the "master" for finishing touches. Then begin active preparations for the grand event. All the reserve cooks from the other courts are called upon to assist, and they begin their labours three days before the great dinner is given.

The most dazzling array of wonderfully artistic plate in gold and silver is brought out on these occasions. The German Emperor is very fond of display, and his table leaves nothing to be desired by the most extravagant entertainer. The banquet hall in the royal palace is in itself a glorious apartment, brilliantly lighted by over a dozen enormous chandeliers of cut glass, each holding hundreds of wax candles.

A great feature of the table decoration is the creation of the pastrycooks, who erect marvellous cakes in the shape of Egyptian temples, Turkish minarets, ancient castles, and so on. All these are extremely artistic and pleasant, both to the eye and the palate. The service at the Emperor's table is unsurpassed.

According to the present court etiquette, not a bottle of wine nor a platter of food is placed upon the imperial table. Food and drink are served on individual plates and in glasses. The wine is brought in the ordinary packages, and not poured from decanters. The bottles are wrapped in napkins, and the glasses are filled directly from them. All things considered, William II. has reason to be proud of his kitchen.

THE GOLD IN PEOPLE'S MOUTHS.

A DENTIST in a good practice uses over £100 worth of gold a year in filling teeth. Some prepare their own gold; others get it from the gold-beaters; but the greater part obtain it from dental supply firms.

This gold is put up in eight-ounce packages, packed in small glass phials, each containing a fraction of an ounce. The cylindrical pieces of gold in it are goldfoil of a very soft and spongy kind.

When pressed into a hollow tooth, one of these cylinders will not take up one-twentieth of the space it occupied in the bottle. About £800,000 is now concealed in the mouths of people in these islands.

STARVING A TOWN.

A CURIOUS state of affairs exists in Lake City, Mich., U.S.A., and as a result the town was recently compelled to undergo a vegetable famine for over a week, while fresh meat was a rarity. Milk was not to be had, while fresh butter and eggs were sold at treble their value.

The troubles were all brought about by the farmers living in the vicinity holding an animated indignation meeting, at which they decided to boycott the town unless the authorities would run the place on moderate ideas. Cows, they claimed, were permitted to run loose on the streets, and when a farmer with a load of vegetables or feed stopped to do any trading, the cows surrounded the waggon and devoured his stock. "The cows must be tied up or we will refuse to supply the town," was the farmers' communication to the authorities.

The town council rose up in arms and dared the farmers to carry out the threat, refusing to pass an ordinance requiring the bovines to be tied up. The farmers immediately retaliated and starved the town into surrender, which took place seven days later.

A DIFFICULT WORD.

"WHY don't you study your reading lesson, Frances?" that little lady's papa asked severely.

"The words are so hard to pronounce, papa," replied the small student. "I don't believe you can say them yourself."

"Oh, nonsense! Spell the words and divide them into syllables."

Then the spelling began.

"G-r-a-u-d. What's that, papa?"

"Grand. Go on."

"Grand, f-a-t. What's that?"

"Grand fat. What next, Frances?"

"Grand, fat, h-e-r. What does that spell, papa?"

"Why, her, of course. Go on."

"Grand, fat, her is-is-is—"

"Do let me see the book, Frances. Who ever heard of a grand fat her? You surely haven't spelt the word correctly."

And then mamma laughed from her corner.

"Did you never hear of grandfather, papa?"

And Frances cried triumphantly:

"I told you these words were awfully hard, papa. You see you can't pronounce them yourself."

"TOMMY, I have told you time and time again not to hold your fork that way."

"Well, I don't understand this fork," said Tommy.

"Pa says it's German silver, an' I ain't ever studied German."

INDEXING can furnish odd entries. An instance is now given from a volume of "Law Reports": "The Lord Chief Justice, his great mind." Turning to the page indicated is this: "The Lord Chief Justice said he had a great mind to commit the prisoner for contempt of court." Only that—and nothing more!

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.—Boothby: "What are you thinking about, Ethel?"

Miss Warrington: "About our wedding. I wanted to ask a favour of you."

Boothby: "Anything, dearest."

Miss Warrington: "Well—I don't want to change my name to Mrs. Henry W. Boothby. I want you to change yours to Mr. Ethel K. Warrington."

READERS ABROAD!

TAKE notice that we are offering substantial prizes, one of £5 5s., another of a year's subscription to this paper, and twenty-five consolation prizes, for the most interesting fact—fact social—fact political—fact botanical, or fact of any description—concerning the country in which you happen to reside. To be written on one side of the paper; not to exceed 200 words in length; to reach this office before June 30th. Envelopes to be marked "Colonial."

WHAT BECOMES OF PANTOMIME COSTUMES.

MANY people must have at one time or another wondered what becomes of the gorgeous costumes worn in pantomimes and burlesques. They must go somewhere. Where? It was with a view of endeavouring to solve this mystery that a representative recently interviewed one of the largest dealers in second-hand stage finery in the metropolis.

"Yes, Mr. X—will see you," said the pretty "fuzzy" headed attendant who had gone to inquire if her master could spare me a few minutes, "please follow me."

Climbing up a flight of stairs we came to a landing, on a door to the left was painted "Export Department," and on one to the right "Retail Department." The latter door was slightly open, and as we passed I caught a glimpse of several ladies—obviously belonging to "the profession"—making purchases; whilst a young lady well-known at the halls was airily prying in much well-laced garments in front of a cheval glass.

"A floor higher," exclaimed my conductress, closing the door with a snap. And we ascended.

Mr. X's room was littered with garments, masks, cloaks, and the other stage properties which go to the completing of a costume. He seemed to be up to his eyes in work, but cheerfully knocked off and clearing a chair of a pile of multi-coloured tights bade me sit down.

"You must have an immense business?" I suggested as an opening.

"You are right there," was the smiling response. "We buy all sorts of things, and it is not too much to say, sell to all parts of the world. I have just purchased several thousand pounds' worth of second-hand costumes, which will be delivered to me during the course of the next few weeks. My Paris branch does much the same sort of trade."

"Things are not thrown away then? The finery of the stage has a new lease of life after it disappears from the public ken," I rejoined.

"Exactly. Of course, the sums paid by me for stage-soiled costumes is inconsiderable compared with their initial cost; but I can assure you that managers and the actresses themselves find a very good market and do satisfactory business with me. For example, I have only this morning posted Miss O—(mentioning a well-known music-hall artiste) a cheque for £40. She came in one day last week and asked me to send round for all the dresses she wore at the halls last year. I suppose that they must have cost when new not very much less than £150. Some of the things," continued the speaker, "were very little the worse for wear, for Miss O—is one of the most careful of artistes, and has an excellent and equally careful dresser, which is after all most to the point."

"How do you deal with all the different costumes and garments you purchase?" I inquired.

"When they are delivered—frequently this is in van loads," was the reply, "they are taken into a large sorting-room. Complete costumes are put in piles together; odd garments are dealt with in the same way, all skirts, tights, bodices, shoes, stockings, petticoats, etc., being placed together. You shall see the sorting-room before you leave. Then each pile is sorted into three classes—good, export, and useless. The good are carefully gone through and renovated where needed, for the retail second-hand trade; the export are sent to in the same way, but are placed aside for sending abroad. In the case of the useless class the articles are all equally carefully looked over, and what is of any use, such as lace off dresses and petticoats, or the trimmings of costumes, is stripped off and used up for repairs or other purposes. All articles for either the export or our second-hand retail trade are carefully 'done up' by experienced needlewomen, some of whom just before the pantomime season are employed in making the very costumes they eventually pick to pieces. All washable articles are skillfully laundered, and I expect that you would scarcely detect that many of them are not new."

"You have a large second-hand trade?" I interrupted.

"Yes; a very large number of provincial music-hall artistes, who 'find themselves,' are costumed out of our stock. And I costume quite a number of the second-class companies on tour, and provincial burlesques. We have also a large number of clients in the Metropolitan music-hall contingent, which supplies the less known halls."

"Strangely enough," continued Mr. X—after a pause, "some *Morocco Bound* dresses are now actually in Morocco. A man who runs a dancing place in Algiers came over about eight months ago to buy some costumes of me. He saw some sketches of the *Morocco Bound* dresses and said he'd take six; as, with a little alteration they would be just the thing for his dancing girls. Some of our things went not long ago with a touring company to Johannesburg, and some grotesque heads (purchased after last year's pantomime season) were only the other day shipped on board a West African trader. A good papier-mâché head that's fairly ugly brings a long price in gold dust or palm oil in those parts, I am told."

"Another lot of heads are on their way to the South Seas either to frighten the natives with or for trading purposes, I don't know which. I shall soon expect to receive an order to costume a ballet at Bulawayo," exclaimed Mr. X—smiling.

A woman can't sit in the House of Commons, but she can and does sit on the husband who does not bring back "Isobel's" HOME COOKERY every week.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

THERE IS MAGIC IN ITS TOUCH.

Is a Certain Cure
FOR BURNS, SCALDS,
CUTS, SPRAINS,
OLD WOUNDS, SORES
AND EVERY
FORM OF SKIN DISEASE.

HIGH-CLASS TAILORING.

Every garment cut to measure.
**DIRECT from the
Manufacturer, Saving all
Middle Profits.**

**MEN'S SUITS,
18/6.**
Better Qualities, 22/6, 25/6,
31/6, 37/6, 44/6, 52/6, 62/6.

**BOYS' SUITS
from 12/6.**
Value Unequalled.
Fit Guaranteed.

**LADIES'
TAILOR-MADE
COSTUMES**
From 10/6 to 70/-
See our New Patterns
before ordering.
It will pay you to do so.
(Hundreds to choose
from.) Post free on
Application.
ALL GOODS CARRIAGE
PAID.

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PAYING RENT, and
go to the United States,
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acre Freehold Farm for
occupation or investment.
Only £20. Beautifully situated, convenient to
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Patented by Court. A Pauphet, giving sound,
practical advice and full particulars of a successful
method for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home
cure. Send free to all upon receipt of stamped
address to: PROF. F. W. HOLT, Argyl,
Chancery Lane, West Strand, London. (Mention Pearson's)

**THE LARGEST BUYERS OF
OLD FALSE TEETH
OR DISUSED SETS**
FULL VALUE GIVEN
IN CASH PER
RETURN OF POST
FOR ALL PARCELS
RECEIVED.

**ON OFFERS MADE
AND TEETH HELD
OVER UNTIL
ACCEPTED.**

IN THE WORLD
R.D. & J.B. FRASER,
PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH.
HIGHEST VALUE GIVEN ESTABLISHED 1833

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, AND WILLIAMS.

Profits PAID DURING 1895.
Jan. 2, £8 per cent., Feb. 1, £8, Mar. 1, £5,
April 1, £8, May 1, £7, June 2, £10, July 1, £9,
Aug. 1, £9, Sept. 2, £8, Oct. 1, £8, Nov. 1, £7,
Dec. 2, £7.
Total for 12 months £92 per cent., an average
of nearly 48 PER CENT. PER MONTH.

Profits PAID DURING 1896.
Jan. 2, £6 per cent., Feb. 1, £7, Mar. 2, £8,
April 1, £8, May 1, £6.
OUR NEW ILLUSTRATED MANUAL
mailed free upon request, showing how these
profits may be made WITHOUT SPECULA-
TION. Cheques for profits mailed promptly
1st of each month, and for withdrawals of
capital on 2nd and 10th of each month. Trial
investments of £5 and upwards may be made.
We have not a dissatisfied Client.

DOUGLAS, HUNGERFORD, & WILLIAMS,
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Send at once for our
new Spring Patterns.
Everything new.
See our Suits to measure
at 22/6. Sample Trou-
sers, 5/6, to measure.
Don't delay, write at once
for price lists, patterns,
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Everything Free.
Money willingly re-
funded if goods do not
please. Agents wanted,
terms and appointment
by letter. Please men-
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THE NEW MANUFACTURING CO.,
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Send 4 Stamps and receive pair
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PATENT PENKNIFE,
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Agents wanted in every town or village where
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supplied on **EASY TERMS.** List and
all particulars free.

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SIMPLICITY WITH PERFECTION.
NEW RUBBER FOUNTAIN PEN TIP.
(Patent applied for.)
Transforms an ordinary Pen into a Fountain Pen. Instantly
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IMMENSE STOCK
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1/15 IS FREE
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DEVONA. This charming Sweet
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CHOCOLATE DEVONA.
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WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,
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THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

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EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.
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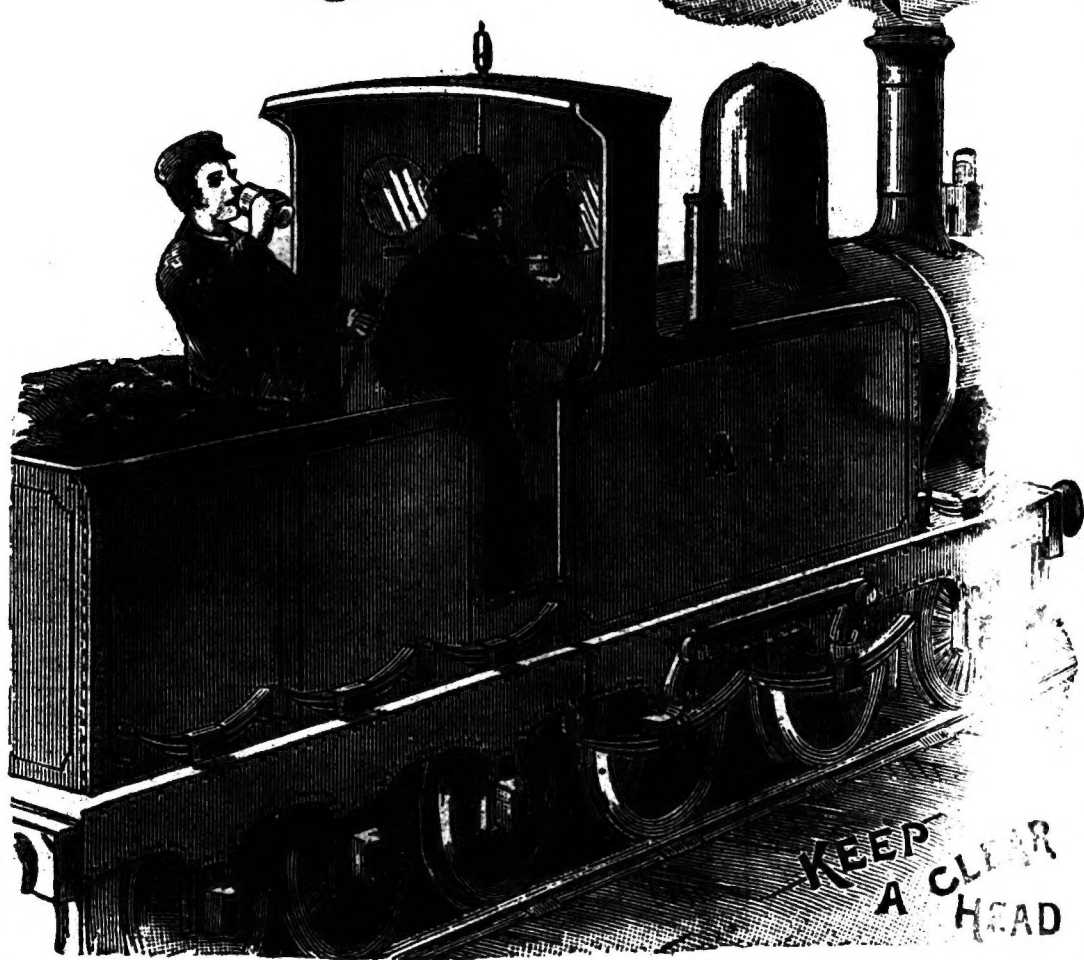
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